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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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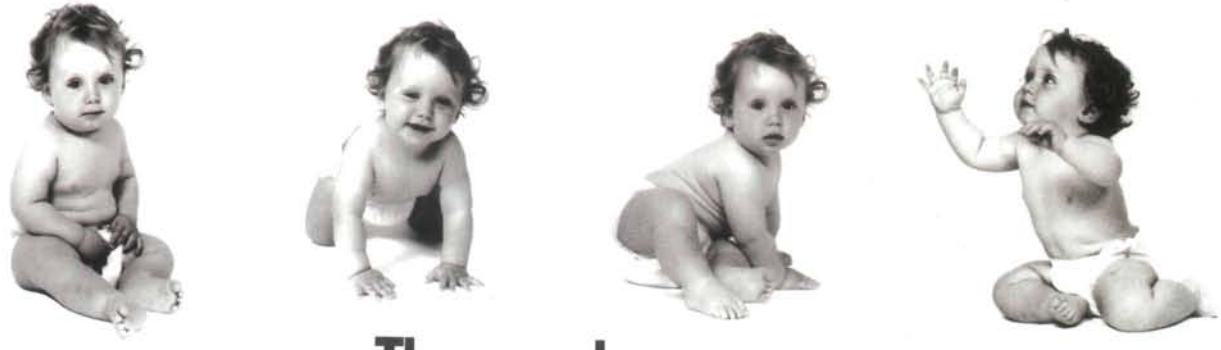

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Theodore Waitt

Gateway 2000, North Sioux City, SD. 34. Married, 4 children.

Talked out of joining family cattle business. By father. Left college senior year to start computer mail order business in farmhouse. With $10,000 start-up loan secured by grandmother's CD.

"Everybody was heading to Silicon Valley. So I picked a cornfield."

Cofounded Gateway 2000 with partner, Mike Hammond. 1985. Direct-market PC seller and manufacturer based in South Dakota. First year revenues $100,000. Explosive growth due to low costs, fast service. Expanded overseas, 1993. Marketing coup: chose Holstein as company mascot.

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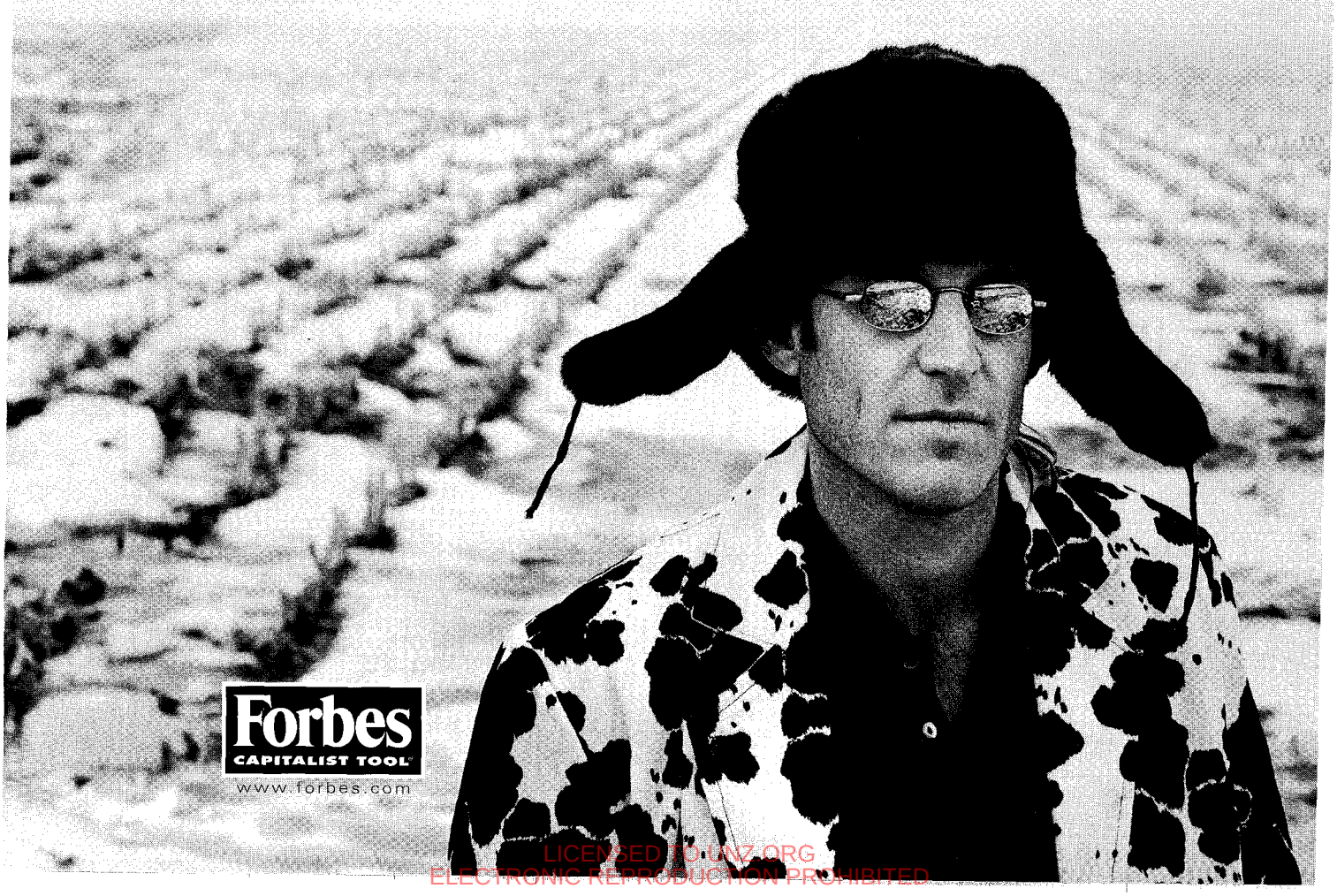
1996 revenues: $5 billion.

Started reading Forbes as a student at the University of Iowa in 1984.



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JUNE 2, 1997

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CORRESPONDENCE

DeLayed reaction

To the editors:

Tom DeLay is a malignant little idiot, but he's right about one thing: the standard for impeaching federal judges is, or at least should be, "misbehavior" (Hanna Rosin, "The Men Who Would Be Newt," April 28). Article III of the Constitution deals with the judiciary. And, while it is usually said that federal judges are appointed for life, Article III, Section 1, states that judges "shall hold their Offices during good Behaviour." Though Article III is not explicit about what constitutes grounds for impeachment, the most reasonable interpretation is that "bad Behaviour" suffices.

In contrast, Article II, Section 4, which deals with the executive branch, states that "[t]he President, Vice President and all civil Officers of the United States shall be removed from Office on Impeachment for, and Conviction of, Treason, Bribery, or other high Crimes and Misdemeanors." Rosin is not the first journalist to confuse the two articles and say that judges may only be impeached for "high crimes or misdemeanors." But she's wrong nevertheless. Of course, none of this means Tom DeLay isn't a menace to society. Who was it who said even a blind hog sometimes finds an acorn?

JOEL JACOBSEN
Albuquerque, New Mexico

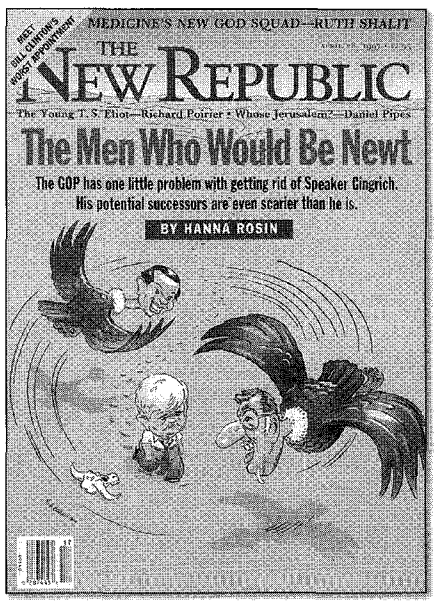
Unsettled state

To the editors:

"Only a left-wing Jew"—that is how Martin Peretz condemned me ("Forward and Back," May 19). Not since I was chased and pummeled by schoolmates screaming "You killed our God!" have I been attacked in such classically anti-Semitic terms. But the real story is in the substance of Peretz's calumny, not the form.

Peretz brands me with a "predilection for romanticizing revolution" because I argued that the legacy of the Algerian revolution legitimized and strengthened the independent Algerian state. "Only a left-wing Jew," Peretz rails, could write a sentence such as this: "the national solidarity produced by collective suffering and triumph was a dependable basis for nearly three decades of rule by the political class ... this solidarity was itself an impressive achievement." Actually, only Martin Peretz could write such a "sentence." It was he, not I, who concocted it from phrases taken from different sentences that I did write. His purpose was to accuse me of supporting the bloody-minded Algerian government.

To discourage readers from checking the facts, Peretz does not identify the source of his pseudo-quotation. Here is the exact text of the sentences involved, from page 346 of my book *Unsettled States, Disputed Lands*: "Though this achievement [independence] did not prevent violent feuds, a military coup in 1965, failed development policies, or a potent Islamist challenge, *the national solidarity produced by collective suffering and triumph was a dependable basis for nearly three decades of rule by the political class* which the revolution produced. In view of the disorganised state of Algerian Muslim society in the aftermath of the war and the havoc wreaked on Algerian institutions and infrastructural facilities by vengeful, departing pieds noirs, *this solidarity was itself an impressive achievement.*"


MEDICINE'S NEW GOD SQUAD—RUTH SHALIT
THE
NEW REPUBLIC
The Young T. S. Eliot—Richard Poirier • Whose Jerusalem?—Daniel Pipes
The Men Who Would Be Newt
The GOP has one little problem with getting rid of Speaker Gingrich. His potential successors are even scarier than he is.
BY HANNA ROSIN

The phrases Peretz cobbled together are italicized to show how brazenly he used Jew-baiting and ellipses to distort my argument—an argument emphasizing the violent tendencies and surprising political capacity of the political elite that came to power after France's eight-year pulverization of Algerian society.

IAN S. LUSTICK
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Martin Peretz replies:

Poor Ian Lustick. As a child, he tells us, he was beaten up by anti-Semites (although, frankly, his memory of being "pummeled by schoolmates screaming 'You killed our God!' " strikes me as dubiously melodramatic); and now he has been attacked verbally by another anti-Semite, me. I think it is fair to say that any regular reader of TNR would regard the charge that I am an anti-Semite as outlandish. Turning to the relatively less far-out flights of Lustick's fancy, what he calls his "exact text" only proves that my excerpt did not at all distort his meaning. Rather it was faithful to the letter and spirit of what he said. Indeed, Lustick's self-citation provides a telling instance of a point I made in the Diarist, i.e., that liberal-minded Western academics have tended to blame the problems of post-independence Algerian society mostly on the French colonialist pieds noirs. That is exactly what Lustick does. The book in question, *Unsettled States, Disputed Lands*, is a very big book, indeed. If he thought that the murderous ways—Lustick delicately calls them "violent tendencies"—of the National Liberation Front are at all responsible for "the bloody-minded Algerian government" (this is also a squeamish rendering of the gruesome facts), he certainly had an opportunity to say so. He chose not to.

Ethical conduct

To the editors:

We applaud the erudite thesis by Ruth Shalit regarding the role of the medical ethicist ("When We Were Philosopher Kings," April 28). The physician-patient relationship remains a sacred trust. Unfortunately, Kevorkian philosophy, not Kantian philosophy, has created a health-care environment in which there is a need for the "subspecialty of medical ethics." For those of us who have professionally grown up with medical technology and can remember when a committee decided to grant dialysis—physicians can live by only one principle: to preserve life and to relieve pain and suffering.

FRANCENE M. FLEEGLER
EDWARD M. FLEEGLER
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

To the editors:

Ruth Shalit so misquotes me, distorts my point of view and fabricates a description of my work as to demand written correction. First, in using an image of the "priest blessing the Mafia baby," I was describing the requests of some for-profit, investor-owned health plan executives who entirely forget the primary responsibility of any organization providing and/or paying for health care—assuring the best quality medical care for patients.

Second, while there are increasing numbers of poorly trained, well-meaning professionals "on a mission" in the clinical setting, all of the practicing ethicists known to me and appearing in her article provide documented, disciplined reflection regarding highly conflicted and difficult ethical dilemmas to providers, patients, families and administrators. We all would support increased definition of practice and credentialing.

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Third, her description of our presentation to last year's Senior Leadership Retreat for PacifiCare is so distorted as to be unrecognizable. In particular, she creates a straw-man debate between us and Dr. William Osheroff of PacifiCare. To my knowledge, Dr. Osheroff may not even have been present at the retreat and, if he was, certainly did not engage me or my colleague in debate.

Most unfortunately, Shalit, after more than an hour of interview time, never understood the primary ethical problem posed by the United States's "market solution" to health care—organizations that offload medical risk are rewarded with profits. Only those organizations with a combined professional commitment to providing medical care and a structural financial commitment to the community's benefit can be trusted with the care of patients. Perhaps at some point TNR will choose to address real ethical problems in American health care.

JOHN D. GOLENSKI
President, Bioethics Consultation Group
Berkeley, California

To the editors:

Ruth Shalit included a quote from me that has been taken to imply views which I not only do not hold, but which I strongly reject. In fact, I clearly stated positions opposed to those which my quote is used in the context of in my interview with Shalit. I did say that a person who works in one specialization might call in a consultant to help identify relevant considerations which may have been overlooked in a different area, as well as claim that this might be helpful because considerations relevant to a problem in a particular area might be more apparent to someone who works in that area every day. Just as a cardiologist might consult a neurologist, podiatrist or other specialist in difficult cases involving those areas, a physician might consult an ethicist to help identify relevant considerations in difficult ethical cases.

At no time, however, did I state that ethical issues were "beyond the grasp of doctors," nor do I believe this (education would then be futile). Shalit, however, inserted this phrase into a quote from me; an inflammatory phrase that could only have been intended to illustrate the "pomposity" of ethicists—a theme running throughout Shalit's article. In fairness to Shalit, she did not include this phrase within the quotation marks. However, the insertion of this phrase might easily lead someone to believe that I held this view.

As well, the fact that my quote directly follows Shalit's claim that ethicists "regard themselves as authorities in the medical ..." might lead (and has led) some to believe I view the ethicist as such an authority. I absolutely do not, and explained to Shalit that one of the first things I explain during a consultation is that I am a philosopher—not a medical doctor.

Likewise, since my quote is directly followed by a claim that "More than mere advisers, these fee-for-service philosophers see themselves as experts, capable of passing judgment on what should and should not be done in matters of life and death," some might draw (and, again, have drawn) the conclusion that I see myself as such an expert. Nothing could be further from the truth. To the contrary, in my interview with Shalit, I repeatedly emphasized my own belief that "pronouncing judgments" in this manner is something I am against. In fact, the illegitimacy of "pronouncing judgments" in this way is at the center of my own research. Given my repeated emphasis of this, it is inexcusable that my quote could be used in a context claiming that ethicists view themselves as experts capable of passing such judgments.

THOMAS MAY
Via the Internet

Ruth Shalit replies:

John D. Golenski writes that in using an image of a "priest blessing the Mafia baby" he referred only to "some" healthcare providers. The quote from my article made this clear: "You should see some of these guys who want you to come in there and bless what they're doing. It's like asking the priest to come in and bless the baby in the Mafia." As for the PacifiCare retreat, my account of Golenski's presentation came from Golenski himself; and I never claimed that Dr. Osheroff was at the retreat. He was, however, the highest-ranking PacifiCare executive made available to talk to me for my story. And as the head of the HMO's ethics committee, he seemed an appropriate person to respond to Golenski's critique of PacifiCare's marketing practices: that the company was, in Golenski's words, "using aggressive marketing to skim all the good risk from the market."

As for May's complaints, I never suggested that May presents himself as a medical authority; the passage in question discussed the ethicist's authority as a dispenser of "advice on moral matters," as they intersected with medical decisions, his capacity to weigh in on ethical questions pertaining to the practice of medicine. On May's next point: the sentence beginning "More than mere advisers ..." is the start of a new paragraph, and a new argument. It was not intended as a description of May's beliefs, and doesn't refer to him in any way. Finally, May's analogy to a cardiologist calling in a podiatrist on a foot diagnosis does suggest ethicists have at least some special

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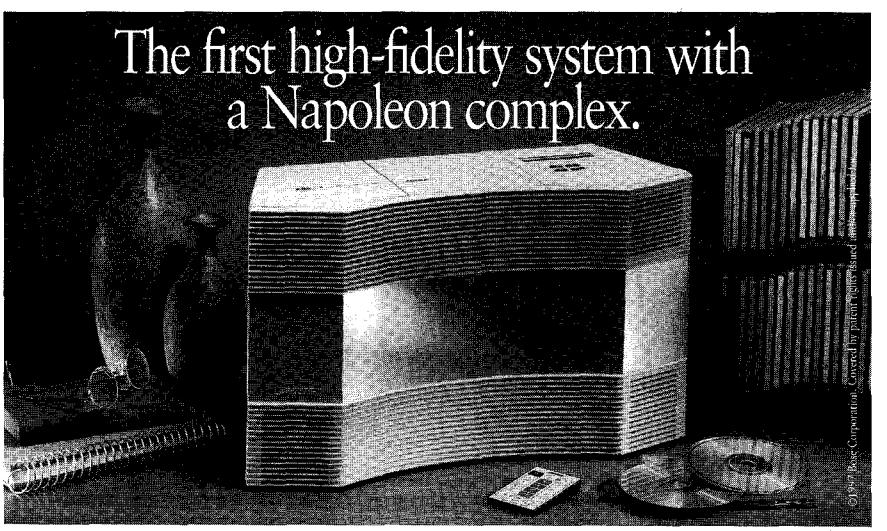

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FROM WASHINGTON

Feint victory

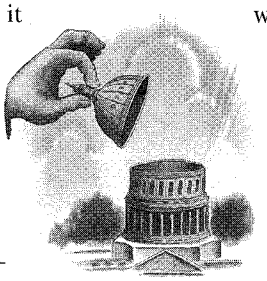
The opponents of the procedure that is euphemistically called "intact dilation and extraction" and more bluntly known as partial-birth abortion appear to have achieved two historic feats: they have changed the terms of the abortion debate fundamentally; and they have built a box President Clinton cannot get out of.

In April 1996, the president vetoed the Partial-Birth Abortion Ban Act, a bill intended to excite public opposition to abortion and put Clinton on the spot. In an intact dilation and extraction, the pregnant woman's cervix is deliberately dilated, as in labor. A doctor manipulates the fetus into a breech position, and then pulls (extracts) the fetus out of the birth canal, feet first, until only the head remains in the canal. Then, a surgeon pokes a hole through the fetus's skull and suctions out its brains to, in the words of the American Medical Association, "effect vaginal delivery of a dead but otherwise intact fetus." If a president who had pledged himself to an ideal of making abortion legal, safe and rare would not draw the line at this form of abortion, where would he?

In defending his veto, Clinton appeared with a select group of women, all of whom had undergone the procedure to avoid grave harm to themselves in giving birth to a terribly deformed and probably doomed child. The president said that these women represented the reality of partial-birth abortion. Clinton knew that most people would accept (as I do), the necessity of abortion in such cases. But there was evidence at the time that, in fact, the procedure called partial-birth abortion was used much more often than Clinton said, frequently on fetuses approaching viability, and for reasons apart from the health of the mother or the life-expectancy of the fetus.

Since last March, the evidence that Clinton's defense was false has mounted, most notably with the testimony of Ron Fitzsimmons, executive director of the National Coalition of Abortion Providers, that several thousand partial-birth abortions were performed each year, most of them on healthy fetuses that were twenty weeks or more old, carried by healthy women, "and the abortion-rights folks know it."

Following Fitzsimmons's confession, the Partial-Birth Abortion Ban Act was reintroduced in the House, where it passed by a large margin. This week, debate began on the bill in the Senate, along with debate on an alternative measure, proposed by Senate Minority Leader Thomas Daschle. The Daschle bill does not address the issue of partial-birth abortion, but it would ban all abortions after a fetus attains viability (between the twenty-third and twenty-eighth week of pregnancy) except when necessary to save the mother's life, or to avoid what the physician performing the abortion certifies would be "grievous injury" to the woman's physical state. The day before the Senate debate began, the White House said that Clinton would probably sign the Daschle bill, a move meant to encourage passage of this measure instead of the more feared partial-birth bill.



Pro-lifers dismissed the Daschle bill as a ploy meant to block the partial-birth abortion ban. They said that it would leave the decisions as to what constituted a "viable" fetus and what constituted a "grievous injury" to the mother up to the abortionist, who could simply lie. This is true, and it is also true that the bill would not do much to reduce the gross total of abortions. Ninety-five percent of the 1.3 million abortions performed each year in America take place at or before the fifteenth week, and only about 1 percent—16,450 in 1992—are performed after twenty-one weeks or more, in the period approaching or reaching current fetal viability. Nor would the measure affect any of the "intact dilations and extractions" other than the few hundred that really were necessary to avoid grievous physical harm to the mother.

But the Daschle bill nevertheless represents historic change. The forced passage of this measure would mark the first time that Democrats in Congress and a Democratic president have sided with the pro-life forces on the root question of abortion, the first time since *Roe* v. *Wade* that the federal government has legislated that a woman's right to abortion may be so fundamentally limited.

All but nine states restrict post-viability abortions. Generally, such abortions are limited to cases necessary to save the mother's life or preserve her health, but "health" has been defined to include the vague and widely encompassing category of mental health, which pro-lifers have argued make the restriction meaningless. Daschle's bill would impose on the nine states that provide no constraints a new, tougher limitation. A physician performing a post-viability abortion would have to sign a certificate attesting that the patient had to have the abortion in order to save her life or to avoid "grievous injury" to her physical state. A threat to her mental health would not be enough. A physician who falsely certified could face prosecution for performing the illegal abortion and for perjury, which would seem a real enough deterrent to lying.

The reason why congressional Democrats might support such a law, and why President Clinton might sign it, is that they have little choice. The pro-lifers may not ban partial-birth abortion, but they have succeeded in their larger strategic aim of forcing a new, harder stance against *all* late-term abortions. To preserve abortion in the majority of cases, the pro-choicers and their political allies have been forced to retreat to the line of viability.

This became entirely clear on the day the Senate debate began, when the AMA issued a new report on late-term abortions. The report declares flatly that "[a]ccording to the scientific literature, there does not appear to be any identified situation in which intact D&X [dilation and extraction] is the only appropriate procedure to induce abortion." Even more significant, however, was the recommendation on third-term abortions in general: "the AMA recommends that abortions not be performed in the third trimester except in cases of serious fetal anomalies incompatible with life. Although third-trimester abortions can be performed to preserve the life or health of the mother, they are, in fact, generally not necessary for those purposes. Except in extraordinary circumstances, maternal health factors which demand termination of the pregnancy can be accommodated without sacrifice of the fetus, and the near certainty of the independent viability of the fetus argues for ending the pregnancy by appropriate delivery."

It is, sadly, a radical statement for the medical establishment to say that, except *only* where the child will be born deformed and likely doomed to die and in the case of "extraordinary" threats to maternal health, *all* third-trimester pregnancies should end in birth, not abortion. The ground has shifted.

MICHAEL KELLY

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

JUNE 2, 1997

TRADING UP

Everything the United States demands of developing countries, Chile has done. It has opened its political system and its markets, suppressed inflation and eliminated its deficit. For these reasons, Chile is first in line to enter an expanded North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA). It is in the United States's interest to permit this entry, since Chile's continual non-membership tempts American business to export jobs overseas. American companies that export to Chile currently pay an import duty. But if they move to Brazil—which has a trade pact with Chile—they can sell to the Chileans tariff-free. Chile is a stable country with a rapidly growing economy and a large middle class hungry for high-end consumer goods. In economic terms, arguing for Chile's inclusion in NAFTA is like walking through an open door.

So why hasn't President Clinton made a deal? Because he can't. In order to sign a treaty with a foreign power, Congress must give the president fast-track authority, which expired without congressional renewal in 1994. Fast track requires Congress to vote treaties up or down, without amendment. Without fast track, if Clinton were to negotiate a pact with, say, Chile, Congress could alter the agreement, which would then force Clinton to reopen negotiations with Chile, and then resubmit the new deal to Congress. The cycle could repeat forever.

Both sides of the congressional aisle harbor ignoble motives for denying Clinton this authority. The Democrats remain deeply ambivalent over free trade. Organized labor, which contributed greatly to the Democratic campaigns of 1996, remains entrenched in protectionism, and Minority Leader Dick Gephardt and Vice President Al Gore are already vying for the union boys' support in the 2000 presidential primaries. But Republicans, who provided the bulk of the votes for NAFTA in 1993, are also fleeing from the free trade principles they claim to hold so dear. The party's Buchananite wing views tariff agreements not as a tax cut but as creeping supranational government. A slightly larger cohort of Republicans relishes any victory over Clinton, however ultimately self-defeating.

The pretext that Congress has found to stymie fast track concerns the president's right to insist that trading partners adopt minimal labor and environmental standards as a condition for dropping tariffs. Any fast-track reauthorization, Republicans insist, must explicitly forbid the president from setting conditions that aren't directly related to trade. This sounds fair, but it runs into a few problems. For one, history. American trade treaties have set environmental and labor standards for more than a century. (In 1890, McKinley banned the products of forced labor.) Second, as trade economist Steve Charnovitz has written, crafting a fast-track bill that screens out non-trade issues is legally tricky. Every attempt to do so thus far has either filtered out too much—like rules preventing "dumping" or patent infringement—or too little. When a distinction is legally muddled, it's usually because it's conceptually muddled. You can't distinguish labor and environmental standards from legitimate trade issues because they *are* legitimate trade issues. When you buy goods from a country, you also buy the labor that went into them and the environmental consequences that result.

Recognizing this allows the United States to profit from globalization while cushioning its jarring dislocations. Free trade with less developed countries bids down the value of unskilled American labor. The winners outnumber the losers, but losers exist nonetheless. A portion of the free trade windfall ought to be diverted to helping them. Today's Congress, of course, is not about to spend new money on the losers in the global economy. But Clinton has another option. He could accomplish the same end, albeit somewhat less efficiently, by, say, requiring trade partners to permit unions. This would raise the labor costs of foreign workers, easing the pressure on their American competitors. Doesn't this dilute the advantages of free trade? Sure, a little. Like the minimum wage or public schools, it smoothes the market's rough edges at a small expense to economic growth.

If Clinton makes this case forcefully, the GOP's economic wing will grumble but go along. Compared to not extending NAFTA at all, it's a small price to pay. And, by pushing for this compromise, Clinton would also smoke out his own party's protectionists. Gephardt, for instance, two years ago publicly opposed free trade with Chile, which has high labor and environmental standards. Now he's more tactful, saying he wants free trade, just with conditions. But if Chile isn't good enough for Gephardt, no country is. The president should call his bluff. •

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NOTEBOOK

I GOT VOUS, BABE: Poor Sonny Bono. Only days after the California congressman was reported to be mulling a Senate bid, *Newsweek* and the *National Enquirer* report that a fetching former intern, 27-year-old French Fulbright Scholar Frédérique Sandretto, is considering suing the old crooner for sexual harassment. Sandretto makes her charges in *Inside Congress*, an upcoming book by journalist Ron Kessler. Kessler tells the *Enquirer* that, in the course of his extensive research into Capitol Hill peccadilloes, Bono's "sexual harassment" of Sandretto was "the biggest violation" he uncovered. *Newsweek*, meanwhile, darkly speculates that the newly revealed charges could "get in the way" of a potential Senate run. Bono's transgressions? According to *Newsweek*, Sandretto claims that the congressman "showed no interest in the report she was assigned to write," and instead spent his time asking "her personal questions and comment[ing] on her appearance." Sandretto also alleges that Bono offered her a gold-colored ring embossed with a crucifix—a token which she declined, but which he pressed upon her anyway (Bono's staffers, for their part, insist the ring was plucked from dozens of identical trinkets stashed in a box in the congressional office). Then came the alleged retaliation: the intern, *Newsweek* breathlessly reports, was "reassigned to answering phones and opening mail." Sandretto, shocked that Bono seemed more interested in flirty chatter than in "grappling with weighty issues," in the words of the *National Enquirer*, quit her post. That is the scandal. Now, a few questions. First: When, exactly, did typical intern scut work—answering phones, opening mail—become evidence of a demotion? Second: In this post-Packwood era, are there to be no distinctions between mashing one's tongue down staffers' throats and making the occasional joke or off-color remark? Finally, has it occurred to any of the aggrieved parties that Sonny Bono's lack of interest in the intern's wonkish "report," and failure to "grapple with weighty issues" makes him not a harasser, but, well, Sonny Bono? Just asking.

SCREW LOOSE: Former Congressman Bob Dornan made his name calling homosexuals sodomites and child molesters. But when the California Republican's longtime chief of staff, Brian Bennett, came out of the closet to him last year, the country's premier homophobe displayed uncharacteristic humanity: he put his arm around Bennett, kissed him on the cheek and, as Bennett told *The Los Angeles Times*, said, "I've loved you like a son for twenty years. Did you think this would make any difference?" Not to worry. It didn't take long for B1-Bob to return to his old ways. After Bennett came out publicly this month, Dornan attacked his friend for his sudden "self-indulgence." "No one would know who he was if not for Bob Dornan," Bob Dornan self-indulgently told the *Times*. And, for good measure, the man who lost his seat to an unknown Democrat last fall added: "You know he has no future in the Republican Party in Orange County." Now, that's more like our old Bob.

ECONOMIC HISTORY: No sooner had the Palestinian Authority issued an edict declaring that anyone selling land to Jews would be executed than the dead body of Farid Bashiti was found, bound and gagged, on the side of a road in Ramallah. Bashiti, 70, was a real estate dealer, and his murder, despite official denials, was widely seen as a signal that, on this point, Yasir Arafat meant what he said. It is chilling to live in a neighborhood where killing is politics by other means. But the Palestinians are likely used to it. What they may be less accustomed to is the refusal of religious authorities to allow those murdered to be interred according to Islamic law. Here is what Ikrama Sabri, appointed Mufti of Jerusalem by Arafat, said at Friday prayers in the Al Aqsa mosque: "Anyone who sells land to the enemy should not be washed, prayed for or buried in a Muslim cemetery." This does political murder one better: it gives such killing religious sanction. Not allowing the body of the killed to be cleansed actually cleanses the killing. It also brands the families of the dead, and banishes them. But, of course, there is an unacknowledged history to the selling of land by Palestinians to Jews. Beginning in the 1880s and accelerating for many decades after 1918, Palestinian leaders, many notable for their hostility to Zionism, sold to the Zionists. Maybe Arafat thinks murdering some unknown small-fry now will expunge the fact that six of his famous ancestors (members of the Husayni clan) sold—and sold well—various tracts to the Jews, including tracts in holy Jerusalem itself.

TANGLED UP IN GREEN: The popular industrial-rock band Marilyn Manson is really, like, *evil*. The media reports are full of rumors about sex acts on stage, mutilation of small animals, glorification of Satan. The group's latest album is called *Antichrist Superstar*. Connecticut Senator Joseph Lieberman calls Manson "perhaps the sickest group ever promoted by a mainstream record company," and some communities have shut down their concerts. Parents and cultural watchdogs should relax. Marilyn Manson will soon be as mainstream as Hootie and the Blowfish. It's just a matter of time—and money. According to *The Wall Street Journal*, last year '60s rebel Bob Dylan "was the evening's entertainment for a bunch of bankers and developers attending a real-estate conference hosted by Nomura Asset Capital Corp.," a division of a Japanese brokerage house. Dylan's playlist, which was partially dictated by Nomura's president, included "All Along the Watchtower." Meanwhile, the Ramones were busy playing a private gig for a computer company, and the Smithereens recently performed before a health-care company's sales force in Atlanta. "A crush of excited sales reps," the *Journal* reports, "rush to form a 'mosh pit' in front of the stage." So you can line up for your Marilyn Manson tickets now, or wait for their performance at, say, the RJR Nabisco company picnic in 1999. •

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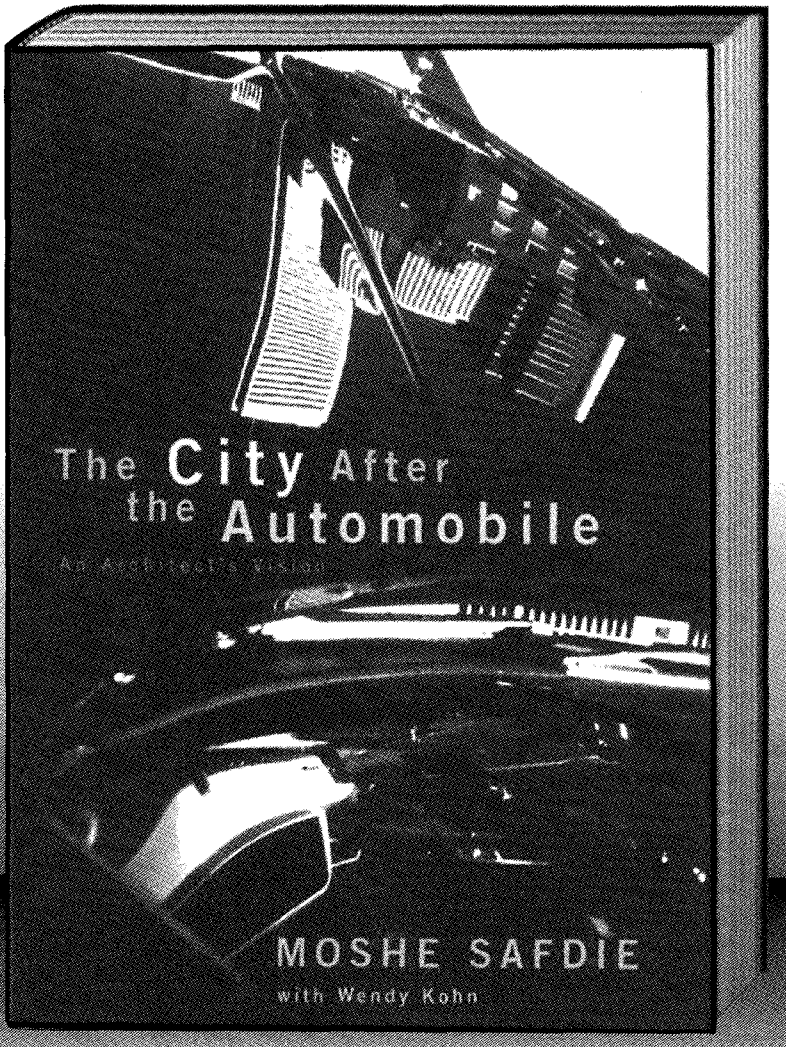

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THE SETTING SON

By Michael Crowley

From his earliest years, Joe Kennedy has been trying to fight off the reasonable suspicion that he's not as sharp as, say, the average butter knife. As a boy growing up in Hickory Hill, Joe would work on his poor spelling with a governess—only to run out of the sessions to beat up his brother Bobby Jr. for mocking his errors in the next room. Now 44 years old and a six-term Massachusetts congressman, he has learned to restrain himself somewhat, and he no longer tries to deck his critics. But the critics are still there, and he is still trying to mute them. Ordinarily, this would be a poignant and private little tale of one man's frailties and insecurities. But Joe Kennedy is, of course, a Kennedy, and as such, at least in Massachusetts, born to lead. So the matter of Joe's mental capacities has long been a public issue: Is the guy too dumb to hold office, or what?

The question has dogged Kennedy throughout his congressional career, but at a polite distance, like a well-trained labrador. After all, the office Kennedy held was merely that of congressman, and as anyone who has ever watched C-SPAN knows, a congressman need not be any smarter than necessary. But now Kennedy is seeking to succeed Ambassador to Mexico-designate and Harvard Phi Beta Kappa William Weld as governor in 1998, and the question has taken on a sudden and (for Kennedy) unwelcome urgency. A dim congressman might screw up a vote; a dim governor can screw up the state.

So, at this point in his life, the very last thing Joe Kennedy needed was what he got this spring, the publication of *Shattered Faith*, a new book by his ex-wife, Sheila Rauch Kennedy, telling the world that the Catholic Church invalidated her twelve-year marriage to Joe on the grounds that he lacked the "due discretion" to have married her—which is to say that Joe didn't possess the elementary judgment to be trusted with the most basic decision of his life. To most people around here, that means the Church thinks Joe Kennedy is too dumb for his marital vows to count. This isn't good. As one of Joe Kennedy's most relentless detractors, the conservative *Boston Herald* columnist Howie Carr, noted, "Now [Joe is] faced with a situation that, even if English were his first language, he couldn't explain."

And now the annulment story has been compounded by evidence of even greater Kennedyland tawdriness—the alleged affair of Joe's brother Michael with his 14-year-old babysitter (whom the tabloids insist on describing as an "Alicia Silverstone look-alike"). Put together, the annulment and babysitter scandals are starting to hurt Kennedy for the same reason scandals always hurt politicians: they ring true. Tell your average Boston voter that new information has cropped up suggesting that the Kennedys treat women like disposable commodities, throw their influence around to get special favors and don't win any prizes in the noggin department, and you're unlikely to provoke a look of shocked disbelief.

Catholicism used to be part of the glue that connected the Kennedys to Boston's mass of Irish working-class voters. The annulment story hurts in part because it confirms a widespread suspicion that the Kennedys no longer take their religion very seriously. Congressman Joe and his Uncle Ted are die-hard pro-choicers, and during recent election campaigns both Ted and his son Patrick, a congressman from Rhode Island, riled the Church by calling for the ordination of female priests. Now, much worse, Sheila Kennedy reveals in her book that Joe privately dismissed Church doctrine as "gobbledygook."

The annulment story, although it shows the Kennedys and the Church once again working hand in glove, is also likely to bolster cynicism about the Kennedys' elite status. Annulments strike many Catholics as a morally dishonest loophole for the wealthy and powerful. For centuries, the Church's position on divorce was unmistakable: no. Until 1977, Catholics were excommunicated for divorcing and remarrying, and today they still cannot remarry in a Catholic church, receive communion or go to confession. The one exception—annulments—was intended for rare instances. And to the Church, the difference between a divorce, which ends a marriage, and an

MICHAEL CROWLEY, a former TNR Reporter-Researcher, is a political reporter for the *Boston Phoenix*.

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annulment, which theoretically denies that one ever existed, is absolutely crucial.

But the breakdown of marriage in recent years has gradually turned a rare exemption into a near rubber-stamp. The divorce rate among the 60 million Catholics in the United States has kept pace with the national average, which is now around 50 percent. In 1966, the Vatican granted 180 annulments worldwide. Twenty-five years later that figure grew to 80,000, most of them in the United States. As of 1992, only one in every fifty annulment requests was denied by the Church. Father Charles Curran, a professor at Southern Methodist University, recalls one canon lawyer who handles such requests telling him, "There isn't a marriage in America we can't annul." The words Sheila Kennedy applies to the practice are a bit more blunt: "hypocrisy" and "nonsense."

JOE KENNEDY BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The widest annulment loophole, used as grounds for about three quarters of annulment requests—including Kennedy's—is "lack of due discretion," which means one or both of the parties didn't have good enough judgment to get hitched, and so the marriage was never properly consecrated. In this case, the lack of discretion was Joe's, although his ex says that at first the congressman gallantly sought to pin the blame on her. This sort of behavior would damage any politician. For Kennedy, the behavior is particularly problematic in light of that perennial shadow over Camelot: the Kennedys' treatment of women. Joe, in that regard, seems not to have fallen far from the tree. Sheila Kennedy writes in *Shattered Faith* that, "by the end of our marriage I had simply become afraid of him." She doesn't suggest Joe abused her. But she does write that Joe "has never been exactly an advocate for equality between the sexes," a statement which, considering we're talking about the Kennedys, is striking for its understatement.

There's also the familiar whiff of special favors, another Kennedy perennial. Although he won't confirm it, Ted is thought to have annulled his first marriage. (During Rose Kennedy's televised funeral in 1995, a rapt audience watched to see whether the senator would be given communion. He was.) Sheila Kennedy hints at political favoritism in her account of life with Joe, noting that she got word of the annulment from him, not from the Church, and pointing out that the Kennedys were regulars at the annual garden party of Boston's Cardinal, Bernard Law. "I was, as he so often reminded me, a nobody, and nobody in his town would be on my side," she writes.

And, finally, there's that nasty question of intelligence. Poor discretion isn't exactly what voters are looking for in the man entrusted with the state's bond rating and infrastructure budget.

Given all of this, it's no surprise that the starchy Attorney General, Scott Harshbarger, who was once to the governor's race what Richard Lugar was to the 1996 presidential campaign, has pulled even with Kennedy. In one poll, one in four people said they were less likely to vote for Kennedy because of the annulment stories.

With the polls slipping, things got so bad for Kennedy in April that he delivered a public apology for "mistakes" he made in the marriage. "I just feel that this seeking of an annulment is effectively asking for a Catholic divorce," he said. Poor Joe. He really isn't much different from all the Kennedy boys before him. But in the good old days, the jilted and abused Kennedy girls didn't write tell-alls. One memorable passage from *Shattered Faith*, in which Sheila Kennedy watches one of Joe's 1996 campaign ads, nicely captures the political bind he finds himself in: "While Joe's promising image pervaded our kitchen and assured me that he was the man to guide our future, in my hand I held the letter from the Archdiocese of Boston asserting with moral certainty that this same man had suffered from a lack of due discretion so severe as to invalidate our marriage." It's not an irony likely to escape Kennedy's opponents, or the voters. •

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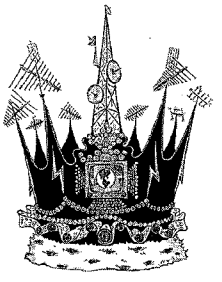
AD NEWSEUM

By William Powers

Every American dynasty—DuPont, Mellon, Vanderbilt, Rockefeller, Getty—reaches a point where it feels it simply has to build a museum. After a generation or two of ruthlessly amassing cash and influence through, say, rum-running or iron-smelting, a family begins to worry about its reputation. And nothing burnishes the escutcheon like a museum.

The Newseum, "the world's first interactive museum of news," has just opened on the right bank of the Potomac, not far from the Iwo Jima Memorial, and it's an ingenious exercise in image-building. Wedged into the lower floors of an existing office building, with a bulging dome that forms the roof of a "high definition" video theater, the place cost $50 million to build, and has an annual operating budget of about $10 million. Yet admission is free, thanks to the profound pockets of The Freedom Forum, whose endowment was started with a 1935 bequest of $100,000 in stock from newspaper publisher Frank E. Gannett. That gift is currently valued at $850 million, a pot of money of sufficient size to make The Freedom Forum the rich uncle of the news business: dispenser of fellowships, funder of endless conferences and now proud backer and operator of the Newseum.



What's interesting about this institution is that, unlike the art and science museums established by the descendants of oil magnates and financiers, the Newseum is explicitly about the industry that generated the wealth behind it. Imagine if Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney had started a museum not of American art but of railroad history. While the Newseum's "collection" has no Goyas or Twomblys, it displays a lot of antique newspapers in special drawers befitting valuable artifacts, which I suppose they are. There are two entire walls of vintage press passes behind Plexiglas, and a few similarly protected pages of the Watergate notes of Bob Woodward, to mention just a few of the exhibits.

Some of the Newseum's vocabulary apes the reverence of artspeak in unintentionally hilarious ways. In a fact sheet, the Woodward notes are averred to be "handwritten" and "on loan from the Bob Woodward Collection." The press passes of the first female reporter allowed in the Yankees' locker room have another provenance: they are "on loan from the Melissa Ludtke Collection." But the prevailing tone in most of the Newseum is actually the opposite of pretentious, and this is how it winds up winning over even dedicated cynics. The message is disarmingly direct: news is important, interesting and fun, and you should care about it. And the emphasis here is on "fun" and "you," which is to say this is one museum that takes interactivity very seriously; every inch seems to have been designed with the attention-deficit pandemic foremost in mind.

In front of you upon entering is the News Byte café, where you can buy a coffee and sit down at a touch-screen set up to cruise some newsy websites. From there an escalator takes you upstairs to a geodesic globe bearing the names of 1,841 newspapers from around the world, and terminals where you can call up a video "newspaper" for your date of birth. In the nearby high-definition theater, a brief, boosterish film that might have been produced by the people who do Benetton ads—"Hate kills and hate is news" is one of the film's curious epigrams—introduces you to the museum and its mood of global good feeling about a free press. The film ends with thumping music and corybantic singing, "Freedom! Yeeaaah ... yeeaaaahh."

Thus pep-rallied, you're meant to bounce over to the news history gallery, which begins with rock paintings and smoke signals, passes by a genuine Gutenberg Bible, a first edition of *Common Sense*, Frederick Douglass's pocket watch, Mark Twain's corncob pipe, and so on through Cronkite, Vietnam, Watergate, the Gulf War, O.J. and finally the Internet. It's an impressive display, though there is too much going on at any given point to allow for much reflection, and after awhile it all begins to feel like channel surfing. While attempting to read an eighteenth-century newspaper, I kept being distracted by an endlessly repeating cycle of short films about newsreels, journalistic accuracy, newsroom diversity and how the press helped build the Statue of Liberty, respectively, issuing loudly from one of what the Newseum calls the "small, intimate galleries" behind me. But this seems to be the plan—keep it

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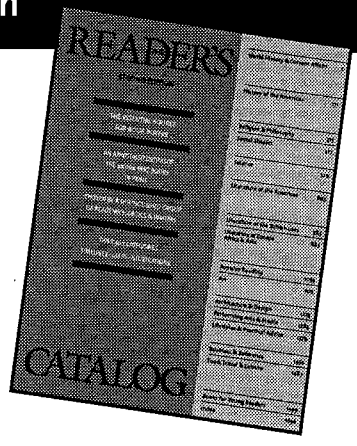

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chaotic to preclude boredom. And, in a way, it works. As at an amusement park, the ersatz busyness of the place begets genuine enthusiasm. Pausing before a television screen playing news footage from the riots outside the 1968 Democratic convention, I actually heard a teenager exult to a friend, "Wow! We could write a paper on that!"

Around the corner, things get even more interactive. Though you first come upon a blessedly static wall of *Life* magazine photos (a temporary exhibition), it's a bit overwhelmed by the frenetic action in the huge two-story space next door, in which live news reports from all over appear on a 126-foot-long video screen, beneath which a Times Square-style ticker crawls with constant Associated Press reports. On the floor below is a milling horde of people—mostly kids—having a ball in what's called the interactive newsroom. This a place where anyone can be videotaped pretending to be a TV anchorperson or a network correspondent, with an authentically phony backdrop of, say, the Capitol, and purchase the tape for $10. There are also interactive terminals that simulate life at a fictional newspaper, allowing you to "work" as an editor or a reporter, in scenarios that unfold as you touch the screen to communicate with other characters and make decisions on stories.

Nearby, more screens describe about a dozen real-life ethical dilemmas that have confronted reporters and editors, and ask the visitor to make choices. Would you have printed the Unabomber's letter? Would you have reported that Arthur Ashe had AIDS? Each of these exercises ends not with any conclusions about the right thing to do, but with percentages of how many Newseum visitors chose each option. Thus, on the day I was there, 64 percent had said that, in exchange for a front-row seat, they would have agreed not to report about the Manhattan Project without government approval, while 35 percent would have declined the offer in order to retain their independence.

If such polling sounds a lot like the pie-chart journalistic methods of *USA Today*, that's no coincidence. Gannett, the original source of The Freedom Forum's nest egg, is headquartered in a building across the street, from which it publishes *USA Today*. Though Gannett and The Freedom Forum are now separate entities, they share a certain style and tone, which becomes evident inside the Newseum. The most obvious link is the you-are-the-news mentality. This is probably a good way to get kids interested in journalism, but, in adult terms, it's a direct reversal of the core notion that has driven the news business for centuries. Until recently, the point of news wasn't mass narcissism: you didn't read a smoke signal or pick up a Civil War-era magazine or tune in to a radio report on the Normandy landing in order to learn more about yourself. News was stories of *other* people, of the world beyond the self.

USA Today and the larger Gannett empire are the ultimate exemplars of a new ego-warming journalism in which the news is not hard-edged and discordant—like the world—but smooth and soothing, ever tending toward a marketably bright consensus. Maybe this is what people want. Allen H. Neuharth, the former Gannett CEO and current chairman of The Freedom Forum, was famously proud that *USA Today* practiced what he called "journalism of hope," as opposed to "journalism of despair," and the paper has flourished in defiance of its many detractors. But, to me, few things in life are quite so despair-inducing as ten minutes reading *USA Today*, where every word seems to have gone through a homogenizing happy-filter, and rare is the story that feels as raw and eccentric as real life.

Hope is a good thing, if it's authentic and fed by truth. But when it's a simplifying sop, a tool for tricking people into liking you, it can be dangerous. "Shades of Meaning," the Newseum's little film on newsroom diversity—undoubtedly the most distressing and intractable problem in the profession today—ends with Neuharth informing us that hiring a diverse group of journalists is really quite easy: "You simply treat them all the same." Like The Freedom Forum's slogan—"dedicated to free press, free speech and free spirit"—Neuharth makes it sound marvelously easy. But, in practice, the principle of racial equality, like free speech, requires constant, painful vigilance; and it is violated in today's newsrooms at least as often as it is honored.

It was the desire not for hope but for truth that drove the great achievements documented in the Newseum's news history gallery, and that must have motivated many of those honored at The Freedom Forum's outdoor memorial for reporters and photographers killed doing their jobs. A visit to the memorial, an abstract glass and steel affair engraved with the names of the dead, is often the last stop for people leaving the Newseum, but you can also glimpse it from inside. Printed on one of the windows facing the memorial are a few sentences explaining that it "honors journalists who died in the line of duty." Just below these sentences, close enough so that the proximity has to be intentional, there is another passage, the only other text on the window. It says: "Beyond the Journalists Memorial is a satellite dish that transmits *USA Today* pages to printing plants around the world. The 15-meter dish is the largest of the cluster before you; it shoots signals 22,300 miles above the earth. From there, they are routed to 36 different printing plants throughout the world." And below this passage stands a case containing the shovel that World War II reporter Ernie Pyle used to dig his own foxholes, before he died in action in April 1945.

Bracketed by the memorial description and the Pyle shovel, this promo for our featherweight national paper is strikingly inappropriate, even tasteless. Here, perhaps, is why the media dynasties have resorted to building museums to themselves. They know that people have grown increasingly suspicious of their motives and methods, of the enormous wealth and power they have accumulated. But they don't have the self-knowledge to grasp why we have started to loathe them—even when it's written on the window. •

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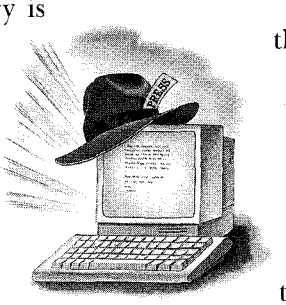
THE COMING BLAIR

By James Wood

When does a country turn? One hundred and fifty years ago, Thomas Carlyle, in *Past and Present*, wrote that Britain was at a moment of change. The iniquities of the industrial revolution were blackening Britain's moral flag. Carlyle felt that it was time for the birth of a modern state, that the deep structure of political life would have to move. "It is true the English Legislature, like the English People, is of slow temper; essentially conservative," he admitted. This legislature, he continued, did not believe in "new epochs." "Nevertheless," he wrote, "new epochs do actually come; ... so that even an English Legislature has to look up, and admit, though with reluctance, that the hour has struck."

The hour has struck again, though few are listening. Commentators have decided that, since Tony Blair is Clintonian, the price of victory is business as usual. But this is not true. A paradox of Blair's victory is that, although the condition on which people voted for the Labour Party was that Blair promised little change, his victory actually promises great change, change on the same tectonic level envisioned by Carlyle. The cost for Labour to become electable was apparently to banish change from their manifesto; in fact, they submerged it. Blair lulled the people into radicalism. He did so by reformulating change as constitutional change—change, that is, at a level which costs no one anything in economic terms, and which is broadly popular. Voters interpreted "change" to mean their own personal economic climate—taxes, income, crime—and voted for more of the same. But they were, apparently, happy to wave through the change that Blair plans for the structure of Britain. As in Carlyle's time, the shift will not be economic but legislative.



There is nothing creeping about what the Labour Party proposes. These are not marriage proposals but deflorations: things Britain has never experienced before. Shortly after the elections, Blair's government handed control of interest rates, for the first time in the country's history, to the Bank of England, going some way toward establishing an independent central bank like the Federal Reserve. Blair accepts that the country will have a minimum wage. He has offered Scotland and Wales their own parliaments (the Scottish one may have tax-raising powers). He agrees that Britain should have an American-style Freedom of Information Act and a Bill of Rights—in effect, a written constitution for the first time in British history. He will abolish, at long last, the hereditary principle in the House of Lords, whereby a peer can vote on legislation solely because he inherited a title from his father. He promises a commission to explore proportional representation in the British voting system (i.e., coalitions of power rather than straight-majority voting). When one looks at this groaning legislative table and adds to it the question of a European single currency (due to begin, among some countries at least, in just over eighteen months) and the likelihood of a significant development in Northern Ireland—all this constitutes an immensely turbulent period in British life.

Of course, these measures offer no more than the ordinary weather of most modern democracies. But in Britain they promise a storm because it has never before resembled a modern democracy. Taken together, Blair's proposals represent a kind of constitutional Thatcherism, doing to the state what Thatcherism did to the economy; and, like Thatcherism, changing the entire culture of the country in the process. It is hard to assess, for instance, what the slow effects of a written constitution will be: How does one calibrate a country's movement from visible invisibility to visible visibility? It is like inventing daylight. It is certain, however, that a Freedom of Information Act will go a long way toward ending official Britain's long and sorry record of secrecy and unaccountability: two of the former administration's scandals, the secret selling of arms to Iraq and the mad cow disaster, might not have occurred had such a law existed.

Some of the great structural change has already happened: it happened on the night of the election, when Tony Blair took the biggest majority of any leader since the war, and the Conservatives fell to their greatest electoral defeat since 1832. On that night, Scotland and Wales voted out every single Conservative member of parliament, and the large English cities did likewise, pushing the Conservatives into the coverts and ditches

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of rural England. The Conservatives, who ruled the United Kingdom for a generation, are now a party only of the English countryside.

As such, the election merely codified something that has been happening for years: the separation of England from its neighbors in Great Britain. Eighty-one percent of Scots voted for parties committed to a Scottish parliament. The rest voted for the Conservatives, who campaigned as the saviors of the United Kingdom. There is a granule of sense in the Conservatives' desperate claim in the waning days of the campaign that a Tory loss threatened the future of Great Britain itself. Labour may, inadvertently, be the destroyers of political union in the British Isles. Blair proposes a referendum in which the Scots will be asked if they want a parliament, and secondly if they want it to have the power to raise revenue. Most think they will say yes to both—after all, 22 percent of the 81 percent who voted against the Conservatives voted for the Scottish Nationalist Party, which wants Scottish *independence* from the United Kingdom.

Even if Scottish independence never comes, a parliament sitting in Edinburgh will forever change the way the whole country regards itself. It will be, in large measure, Scotland for the Scots, and England for the English (with Wales, as usual, squeezing into the bottom of the bed). Such a Scotland, confidently running its own affairs, will turn itself out toward Europe, as Scottish Nationalists for centuries have wanted. And this, in turn, will nicely match the European Community's own plan for deeper union: its plan for a "Europe of regions" rather than sovereign countries. It is hard to imagine that such a Scotland would not begin to seep toward independence; hard to imagine that such a place would have any time for, say, the English monarchy. Meanwhile, in England, the hereditary principle will have happily fizzled out, and what is the monarchy without the hereditary principle? It is not that any of this is necessarily lamentable—some of it is certainly necessary. But Blair's proposals are a kind of blueprint written in secret ink: over the years, more and more of the plan will come into visibility, and none of us knows how much color the ink will have.

The question of Europe will be at the heart of this emerging blueprint: it cannot but be. Over the next ten years, whether Britain decides to join a single currency or not, the country will become a modern European state. Britain's infatuation with America—the "special relationship," the Reaganomics, the military bases gleaming with American soldiers—reached its high-water mark with Mrs. Thatcher. Since then, Europe has been divesting itself of American military power. And it has become obsessed with its own potency: the creation of a United States of Europe. The British left wing has always been hostile to American power; more calmly, under Blair, this will likely result in a peeling away from America and a turning toward Europe (something that has already begun).

Mrs. Thatcher—and, in his feeble way, John Major also—used pro-Americanism as a bulwark against the sovereignty-threatening European Union. Britain's real alliances and interests, the argument went, were in NATO, with America, "our historical allies," not with Germany or France. But with NATO and the European Community expanding eastward, and with a Labour government that feels no great affection for American power, this excuse for avoiding Europe will wither.

Britain must decide soon whether it will join France and Germany, and perhaps Italy and Spain, in establishing a single currency, the Euro, by January 1, 1999. Blair promises a referendum; the answer will be no. The question is complicated, though, by the fact that France and Germany are themselves having second thoughts. A sign was provided in late April when the International Monetary Fund issued the sort of high-powered threat that signifies worry, warning that if Britain were not one of the founding members of the currency there would be dire consequences. The official translation of the IMF bullying: Germany and France can't do this alone, especially if France does not really want to do it anyway.

What is happening is that voters in the most powerful European countries are beginning to see that economic union, with a single European bank able to raise taxes and set interest rates, must entail political union. That this would happen at the very moment that the community is considering admitting countries like Poland and the Czech Republic cannot but create a two- or three-tier Europe, with rich countries—or regions—subsidizing poor ones. The engine of this union is Germany, a country with unhappy memories of its irresponsible sovereignty and with only shallow experience of democracy.

Six months ago, it seemed that Britain could only deal with this new Europe by fighting it. The English, as Stendhal said, were only happy when angry. But, at election time, Britain was intriguingly contradictory: it voted for a party that is much more friendly to Europe, while making it clear it has no interest in the greater union offered by Helmut Kohl. It voted for Europe and against it. As one British banker put it to me, "The Europe we have is just about perfect: a free market, no border controls and loose alliances. Just the right environment—unlike the single currency set-up—for expanding the union to take in new countries." This is probably the majority feeling in Europe—and politicians know it, even Kohl. The likelihood of the single currency beginning on time seems increasingly remote.

Skepticism toward European federation is not incompatible with a greater warmth toward Europe. Under the Conservatives, it was difficult to argue against European integration because one's allies in debate were rabid dogs of xenophobia. Paradoxically, within a Europhile environment—which is what Tony Blair's government offers—rational Euro-skepticism can flourish. And the more Britain begins to resemble a modern European state, the less need there will be for Chancellor Kohl's zealous Euro-federalism. Britain is becoming a member of the European Community from the inside out: by Europeanizing itself. •

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Why we should ban the cloning of humans.

THE WISDOM OF REPUGNANCE

By Leon R. Kass

Our habit of delighting in news of scientific and technological breakthroughs has been sorely challenged by the birth announcement of a sheep named Dolly. Though Dolly shares with previous sheep the "softest clothing, woolly, bright," William Blake's question, "Little Lamb, who made thee?" has for her a radically different answer: Dolly was, quite literally, made. She is the work not of nature or nature's God but of man, an Englishman, Ian Wilmut, and his fellow scientists. What's more, Dolly came into being not only asexually—ironically, just like "He [who] calls Himself a Lamb"—but also as the genetically identical copy (and the perfect incarnation of the form or blueprint) of a mature ewe, of whom she is a clone. This long-awaited yet not quite expected success in cloning a mammal raised immediately the prospect—and the specter—of cloning human beings: "I a child and Thou a lamb," despite our differences, have always been equal candidates for creative making, only now, by means of cloning, we may both spring from the hand of man playing at being God.

After an initial flurry of expert comment and public consternation, with opinion polls showing overwhelming opposition to cloning human beings, President Clinton ordered a ban on all federal support for human cloning research (even though none was being supported) and charged the National Bioethics Advisory Commission to report in ninety days on the ethics of human cloning research. The commission (an eighteen-member panel, evenly balanced between scientists and nonscientists, appointed by the president and reporting to the National Science and Technology Council) invited testimony from scientists, religious thinkers and bioethicists, as well as from the general public. It is now deliberating about what it should recommend, both as a matter of ethics and as a matter of public policy.

Congress is awaiting the commission's report, and is poised to act. Bills to prohibit the use of federal funds for human cloning research have been introduced in the House of Representatives and the Senate; and another bill, in the House, would make it illegal "for any person to use a human somatic cell for the process of producing a human clone." A fateful decision is at hand. To clone or not to clone a human being is no longer an academic question.

LEON R. KASS is the Addie Clark Harding Professor in The College and The Committee on Social Thought at The University of Chicago.

TAKING CLONING SERIOUSLY, THEN AND NOW

Cloning first came to public attention roughly thirty years ago, following the successful asexual production, in England, of a clutch of tadpole clones by the technique of nuclear transplantation. The individual largely responsible for bringing the prospect and promise of human cloning to public notice was Joshua Lederberg, a Nobel Laureate geneticist and a man of large vision. In 1966, Lederberg wrote a remarkable article in *The American Naturalist* detailing the eugenic advantages of human cloning and other forms of genetic engineering, and the following year he devoted a column in *The Washington Post*, where he wrote regularly on science and society, to the prospect of human cloning. He suggested that cloning could help us overcome the unpredictable variety that still rules human reproduction, and allow us to benefit from perpetuating superior genetic endowments. These writings sparked a small public debate in which I became a participant. At the time a young researcher in molecular biology at the National Institutes of Health (NIH), I wrote a reply to the *Post*, arguing against Lederberg's amoral treatment of this morally weighty subject and insisting on the urgency of confronting a series of questions and objections, culminating in the suggestion that "the programmed reproduction of man will, in fact, dehumanize him."

Much has happened in the intervening years. It has become harder, not easier, to discern the true meaning of human cloning. We have in some sense been softened up to the idea—through movies, cartoons, jokes and intermittent commentary in the mass media, some serious, most lighthearted. We have become accustomed to new practices in human reproduction: not just in vitro fertilization, but also embryo manipulation, embryo donation and surrogate pregnancy. Animal biotechnology has yielded transgenic animals and a burgeoning science of genetic engineering, easily and soon to be transferable to humans.

Even more important, changes in the broader culture make it now vastly more difficult to express a common and respectful understanding of sexuality, procreation, nascent life, family, and the meaning of motherhood, fatherhood and the links between the generations. Twenty-five years ago, abortion was still largely illegal and thought to be immoral, the sexual revolution (made possible by the extramarital use of the pill) was still in its infancy, and few had yet heard about the reproductive rights of single women, homosexual men and lesbians. (Never mind shameless memoirs about one's own incest!) Then one could argue, without embarrassment, that the new technologies of human reproduction—babies without sex—and their confounding of normal kin relations—who's the mother: the egg donor, the surrogate who carries and delivers, or the one who rears?—would "undermine the justification and support that biological parenthood gives to the monogamous marriage." Today, defenders of stable, monogamous marriage risk charges of giving offense to those adults who are living in "new family forms" or to those children who, even without the benefit of assisted reproduction, have acquired either three or four parents or

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one or none at all. Today, one must even apologize for voicing opinions that twenty-five years ago were nearly universally regarded as the core of our culture's wisdom on these matters. In a world whose once-given natural boundaries are blurred by technological change and whose moral boundaries are seemingly up for grabs, it is much more difficult to make persuasive the still compelling case against cloning human beings. As Raskolnikov put it, "man gets used to everything—the beast!"

Indeed, perhaps the most depressing feature of the discussions that immediately followed the news about Dolly was their ironical tone, their genial cynicism, their moral fatigue: "AN UDDER WAY OF MAKING LAMBS" (*Nature*), "WHO WILL CASH IN ON BREAKTHROUGH IN CLONING?" (*The Wall Street Journal*), "IS CLONING BAAAAAAAAD?" (*The Chicago Tribune*). Gone from the scene are the wise and courageous voices of Theodosius Dobzhansky (genetics), Hans Jonas (philosophy) and Paul Ramsey (theology) who, only twenty-five years ago, all made powerful moral arguments against ever cloning a human being. We are now too sophisticated for such argumentation; we wouldn't be caught in public with a strong moral stance, never mind an absolutist one. We are all, or almost all, postmodernists now.

Cloning turns out to be the perfect embodiment of the ruling opinions of our new age. Thanks to the sexual revolution, we are able to deny in practice, and increasingly in thought, the inherent procreative teleology of sexuality itself. But, if sex has no intrinsic connection to generating babies, babies need have no necessary connection to sex. Thanks to feminism and the gay rights movement, we are increasingly encouraged to treat the natural heterosexual difference and its preeminence as a matter of "cultural construction." But if male and female are not normatively complementary and generatively significant, babies need not come from male and female complementarity. Thanks to the prominence and the acceptability of divorce and out-of-wedlock births, stable, monogamous marriage as the ideal home for procreation is no longer the agreed-upon cultural norm. For this new dispensation, the clone is the ideal emblem: the ultimate "single-parent child."

Thanks to our belief that all children should be *wanted* children (the more high-minded principle we use to justify contraception and abortion), sooner or later only those children who fulfill our wants will be fully acceptable. Through cloning, we can work our wants and wills on the very identity of our children, exercising control as never before. Thanks to modern notions of individualism and the rate of cultural change, we see ourselves not as linked to ancestors and defined by traditions, but as projects for our own self-creation, not only as self-made men but also man-made selves; and self-cloning is simply an extension of such rootless and narcissistic self-re-creation.

Unwilling to acknowledge our debt to the past and unwilling to embrace the uncertainties and the limitations of the future, we have a false relation to both: cloning personifies our desire fully to control the future, while being subject to no controls ourselves. Enchanted and enslaved by the glamour of technology, we have lost our awe and wonder before the deep mysteries of nature and of life. We cheerfully take our own beginnings in our hands and, like the last man, we blink.

Part of the blame for our complacency lies, sadly, with the field of bioethics itself, and its claim to expertise in these moral matters. Bioethics was founded by people who understood that the new biology touched and threatened the deepest matters of our humanity: bodily integrity, identity and individuality, lineage and kinship, freedom and self-command, eros and aspiration, and the relations and strivings of body and soul. With its capture by analytic philosophy, however, and its inevitable routinization and professionalization, the field has by and large come to content itself with analyzing moral arguments, reacting to new technological developments and taking on emerging issues of public policy, all performed with a naïve faith that the evils we fear can all be avoided by compassion, regulation and a respect for autonomy. Bioethics has made some major contributions in the protection of human subjects and in other areas where personal freedom is threatened; but its practitioners, with few exceptions, have turned the big human questions into pretty thin gruel.

One reason for this is that the piecemeal formation of public policy tends to grind down large questions of morals into small questions of procedure. Many of the country's leading bioethicists have served on national commissions or state task forces and advisory boards, where, understandably, they have found utilitarianism to be the only ethical vocabulary acceptable to all participants in discussing issues of law, regulation and public policy. As many of these commissions have been either officially under the aegis of NIH or the Health and Human Services Department, or otherwise dominated by powerful voices for scientific progress, the ethicists have for the most part been content, after some "values clarification" and wringing of hands, to pronounce their blessings upon the inevitable. Indeed, it is the bioethicists, not the scientists, who are now the most articulate defenders of human cloning: the two witnesses testifying before the National Bioethics Advisory Commission in favor of cloning human beings were bioethicists, eager to rebut what they regard as the irrational concerns of those of us in opposition. One wonders whether this commission, constituted like the previous commissions, can tear itself sufficiently free from the accommodationist pattern of rubber-stamping all technical innovation, in the mistaken belief that all other goods must bow down before the gods of better health and scientific advance.

If it is to do so, the commission must first persuade itself, as we all should persuade ourselves, not to be complacent about what is at issue here. Human cloning, though it is in some respects continuous with previous reproductive technologies, also represents something radically new, in itself and in its easily foreseeable consequences. The stakes are very high indeed. I exaggerate, but in the direction of the truth, when I insist that we are faced with having to decide nothing less than whether human procreation is going to remain human, whether children are going to be made rather than begotten, whether it is a good thing, humanly speaking, to say yes in principle to the road which leads (at best) to the dehumanized rationality of *Brave New World*. This is not business as usual, to be fretted about for a while but finally to be given our seal of approval. We must rise to the occasion and make our judgments as if the future of our humanity hangs in the balance. For so it does.

THE STATE OF THE ART

If we should not underestimate the significance of human cloning, neither should we exaggerate its imminence or misunderstand just what is involved. The procedure is conceptually simple. The nucleus of a mature but unfertilized egg is removed and replaced with a nucleus obtained from a specialized cell of an adult (or fetal) organism (in Dolly's case, the donor nucleus came from mammary gland epithelium). Since almost all the hereditary material of a cell is contained within its nucleus, the renucleated egg and the individual into which this egg develops are genetically identical to the organism that was the source of the transferred nucleus. An unlimited number of genetically identical individuals—

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clones—could be produced by nuclear transfer. In principle, any person, male or female, newborn or adult, could be cloned, and in any quantity. With laboratory cultivation and storage of tissues, cells outliving their sources make it possible even to clone the dead.

The technical stumbling block, overcome by Wilmut and his colleagues, was to find a means of reprogramming the state of the DNA in the donor cells, reversing its differentiated expression and restoring its full totipotency, so that it could again direct the entire process of producing a mature organism. Now that this problem has been solved, we should expect a rush to develop cloning for other animals, especially livestock, in order to propagate in perpetuity the champion meat or milk producers. Though exactly how soon someone will succeed in cloning a human being is anybody's guess, Wilmut's technique, almost certainly applicable to humans, makes *attempting* the feat an imminent possibility.

Yet some cautions are in order and some possible misconceptions need correcting. For a start, cloning is not Xeroxing. As has been reassuringly reiterated, the clone of Mel Gibson, though his genetic double, would enter the world hairless, toothless and peeing in his diapers, just like any other human infant. Moreover, the success rate, at least at first, will probably not be very high: the British transferred 277 adult nuclei into enucleated sheep eggs, and implanted twenty-nine clonal embryos, but they achieved the birth of only one live lamb clone. For this reason, among others, it is unlikely that, at least for now, the practice would be very popular, and there is no immediate worry of mass-scale production of multicopies. The need of repeated surgery to obtain eggs and, more crucially, of numerous borrowed wombs for implantation will surely limit use, as will the expense; besides, almost everyone who is able will doubtless prefer nature's sexier way of conceiving.

Still, for the tens of thousands of people already sustaining over 200 assisted-reproduction clinics in the United States and already availing themselves of in vitro fertilization, intracytoplasmic sperm injection and other techniques of assisted reproduction, cloning would be an option with virtually no added fuss (especially when the success rate improves). Should commercial interests develop in "nucleus-banking," as they have in sperm-banking; should famous athletes or other celebrities decide to market their DNA the way they now market their autographs and just about everything else; should techniques of embryo and germline genetic testing and manipulation arrive as anticipated, increasing the use of laboratory assistance in order to obtain "better" babies—should all this come to pass, then cloning, if it is permitted, could become more than a marginal practice simply on the basis of free reproductive choice, even without any social encouragement to upgrade the gene pool or to replicate superior types. Moreover, if laboratory research on human cloning proceeds, even without any intention to produce cloned humans, the existence of cloned human embryos in the laboratory, created to begin with only for research purposes, would surely pave the way for later baby-making implantations.

In anticipation of human cloning, apologists and proponents have already made clear possible uses of the perfected technology, ranging from the sentimental and compassionate to the grandiose. They include: providing a child for an infertile couple; "replacing" a beloved spouse or child who is dying or has died; avoiding the risk of genetic disease; permitting reproduction for homosexual men and lesbians who want nothing sexual to do with the opposite sex; securing a genetically identical source of organs or tissues perfectly suitable for transplantation; getting a child with a genotype of one's own choosing, not excluding oneself; replicating individuals of great genius, talent or beauty—having a child who really could "be like Mike"; and creating large sets of genetically identical humans suitable for research on, for instance, the question of nature versus nurture, or for special missions in peace and war (not excluding espionage), in which using identical humans would be an advantage. Most people who envision the cloning of human beings, of course, want none of these scenarios. That they cannot say why is not surprising. What is surprising, and welcome, is that, in our cynical age, they are saying anything at all.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The Wisdom of Repugnance

"Offensive." "Grotesque." "Revolting." "Repugnant." "Repulsive." These are the words most commonly heard regarding the prospect of human cloning. Such reactions come both from the man or woman in the street and from the intellectuals, from believers and atheists, from humanists and scientists. Even Dolly's creator has said he "would find it offensive" to clone a human being.

People are repelled by many aspects of human cloning. They recoil from the prospect of mass production of human beings, with large clones of look-alikes, compromised in their individuality; the idea of father-son or mother-daughter twins; the bizarre prospects of a woman

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giving birth to and rearing a genetic copy of herself, her spouse or even her deceased father or mother; the grotesqueness of conceiving a child as an exact replacement for another who has died; the utilitarian creation of embryonic genetic duplicates of oneself, to be frozen away or created when necessary, in case of need for homologous tissues or organs for transplantation; the narcissism of those who would clone themselves and the arrogance of others who think they know who deserves to be cloned or which genotype any child-to-be should be thrilled to receive; the Frankensteinian hubris to create human life and increasingly to control its destiny; man playing God. Almost no one finds any of the suggested reasons for human cloning compelling; almost everyone anticipates its possible misuses and abuses. Moreover, many people feel oppressed by the sense that there is probably nothing we can do to prevent it from happening. This makes the prospect all the more revolting.

Revulsion is not an argument; and some of yesterday's repugnances are today calmly accepted—though, one must add, not always for the better. In crucial cases, however, repugnance is the emotional expression of deep wisdom, beyond reason's power fully to articulate it. Can anyone really give an argument fully adequate to the horror which is father-daughter incest (even with consent), or having sex with animals, or mutilating a corpse, or eating human flesh, or even just (just!) raping or murdering another human being? Would anybody's failure to give full rational justification for his or her revulsion at these practices make that revulsion ethically suspect? Not at all. On the contrary, we are suspicious of those who think that they can rationalize away our horror, say, by trying to explain the enormity of incest with arguments only about the genetic risks of inbreeding.

The repugnance at human cloning belongs in this category. We are repelled by the prospect of cloning human beings not because of the strangeness or novelty of the undertaking, but because we intuit and feel, immediately and without argument, the violation of things that we rightfully hold dear. Repugnance, here as elsewhere, revolts against the excesses of human willfulness, warning us not to transgress what is unspeakably profound. Indeed, in this age in which everything is held to be permissible so long as it is freely done, in which our given human nature no longer commands respect, in which our bodies are regarded as mere instruments of our autonomous rational wills, repugnance may be the only voice left that speaks up to defend the central core of our humanity. Shallow are the souls that have forgotten how to shudder.

The goods protected by repugnance are generally overlooked by our customary ways of approaching all new biomedical technologies. The way we evaluate cloning ethically will in fact be shaped by how we characterize it descriptively, by the context into which we place it, and by the perspective from which we view it. The first task for ethics is proper description. And here is where our failure begins.

Typically, cloning is discussed in one or more of three familiar contexts, which one might call the technological, the liberal and the meliorist. Under the first, cloning will be seen as an extension of existing techniques for assisting reproduction and determining the genetic makeup of children. Like them, cloning is to be regarded as a neutral technique, with no inherent meaning or goodness, but subject to multiple uses, some good, some bad. The morality of cloning thus depends absolutely on the goodness or badness of the motives and intentions of the cloners: as one bioethicist defender of cloning puts it, "the ethics must be judged [only] by the way the parents nurture and rear their resulting child and whether they bestow the same love and affection on a child brought into existence by a technique of assisted reproduction as they would on a child born in the usual way."

The liberal (or libertarian or liberationist) perspective sets cloning in the context of rights, freedoms and personal empowerment. Cloning is just a new option for exercising an individual's right to reproduce or to have the kind of child that he or she wants. Alternatively, cloning enhances our liberation (especially women's liberation) from the confines of nature, the vagaries of chance, or the necessity for sexual mating. Indeed, it liberates women from the need for men altogether, for the process requires only eggs, nuclei and (for the time being) uteri—plus, of course, a healthy dose of our (allegedly "masculine") manipulative science that likes to do all these things to mother nature and nature's mothers. For those who hold this outlook, the only moral restraints on cloning are adequately informed consent and the avoidance of bodily harm. If no one is cloned without her consent, and if the clonant is not physically damaged, then the liberal conditions for licit, hence moral, conduct are met. Worries that go beyond violating the will or maiming the body are dismissed as "symbolic"—which is to say, unreal.

The meliorist perspective embraces valetudinarians and also eugenicists. The latter were formerly more vocal in these discussions, but they are now generally happy to see their goals advanced under the less threatening banners of freedom and technological growth. These people see in cloning a new prospect for improving human beings—minimally, by ensuring the perpetuation of healthy individuals by avoiding the risks of genetic disease inherent in the lottery of sex, and maximally, by producing "optimum babies," preserving outstanding genetic material, and (with the help of soon-to-come techniques for precise genetic engineering) enhancing inborn human capacities on many fronts. Here the morality of cloning as a means is justified solely by the excellence of the end, that is, by the outstanding traits or individuals cloned—beauty, or brawn, or brains.

These three approaches, all quintessentially American and all perfectly fine in their places, are sorely wanting as approaches to human procreation. It is, to say the least, grossly distorting to view the wondrous mysteries of birth, renewal and individuality, and the deep meaning of parent-child relations, largely through the lens of our reductive science and its potent technologies. Similarly, considering reproduction (and the intimate relations of family life!) primarily under the political-legal, adversarial and individualistic notion of rights can only undermine the private yet fundamentally social, cooperative and duty-laden character of child-bearing, child-rearing and their bond to the covenant of marriage. Seeking to escape entirely from nature (in order to satisfy a natural desire or a natural right to reproduce!) is self-contradictory in theory and self-alienating in practice. For we are erotic beings only because we are embodied beings, and not merely intellects and wills unfortunately imprisoned in our bodies. And, though health and fitness are clearly great goods, there is something deeply disquieting in looking on our prospective children as artful products perfectible by genetic engineering, increasingly held to our willfully imposed designs, specifications and margins of tolerable error.

The technical, liberal and meliorist approaches all ignore the deeper anthropological, social and, indeed, ontological meanings of bringing forth new life. To this more fitting and profound point of view, cloning shows itself to be a major alteration, indeed, a major violation, of our given nature as embodied, gendered and engendering beings—and of the social relations built on this natural ground. Once this perspective is recog-

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nized, the ethical judgment on cloning can no longer be reduced to a matter of motives and intentions, rights and freedoms, benefits and harms, or even means and ends. It must be regarded primarily as a matter of meaning: Is cloning a fulfillment of human begetting and belonging? Or is cloning rather, as I contend, their pollution and perversion? To pollution and perversion, the fitting response can only be horror and revulsion; and conversely, generalized horror and revulsion are prima facie evidence of foulness and violation. The burden of moral argument must fall entirely on those who want to declare the widespread repugnances of humankind to be mere timidity or superstition.

Yet repugnance need not stand naked before the bar of reason. The wisdom of our horror at human cloning can be partially articulated, even if this is finally one of those instances about which the heart has its reasons that reason cannot entirely know.

The Profundity of Sex

To see cloning in its proper context, we must begin not, as I did before, with laboratory technique, but with the anthropology—natural and social—of sexual reproduction.

Sexual reproduction—by which I mean the generation of new life from (exactly) two complementary elements, one female, one male, (usually) through coitus—is established (if that is the right term) not by human decision, culture or tradition, but by nature; it is the natural way of all mammalian reproduction. By nature, each child has two complementary biological progenitors. Each child thus stems from and unites exactly two lineages. In natural generation, moreover, the precise genetic constitution of the resulting offspring is determined by a combination of nature and chance, not by human design: each human child shares the common natural human species genotype, each child is genetically (equally) kin to each (both) parent(s), yet each child is also genetically unique.

These biological truths about our origins foretell deep truths about our identity and about our human condition altogether. Every one of us is at once equally human, equally enmeshed in a particular familial nexus of origin, and equally individuated in our trajectory from birth to death—and, if all goes well, equally capable (despite our mortality) of participating, with a complementary other, in the very same renewal of such human possibility through procreation. Though less momentous than our common humanity, our genetic individuality is not humanly trivial. It shows itself forth in our distinctive appearance through which we are everywhere recognized; it is revealed in our "signature" marks of fingerprints and our self-recognizing immune system; it symbolizes and foreshadows exactly the unique, never-to-be-repeated character of each human life.

Human societies virtually everywhere have structured child-rearing responsibilities and systems of identity and relationship on the bases of these deep natural facts of begetting. The mysterious yet ubiquitous "love of one's own" is everywhere culturally exploited, to make sure that children are not just produced but well cared for and to create for everyone clear ties of meaning, belonging and obligation. But it is wrong to treat such naturally rooted social practices as mere cultural constructs (like left- or right-driving, or like burying or cremating the dead) that we can alter with little human cost. What would kinship be without its clear natural grounding? And what would identity be without kinship? We must resist those who have begun to refer to sexual reproduction as the "traditional method of reproduction," who would have us regard as merely traditional, and by implication arbitrary, what is in truth not only natural but most certainly profound.

Asexual reproduction, which produces "single-parent" offspring, is a radical departure from the natural human way, confounding all normal understandings of father, mother, sibling, grandparent, etc., and all moral relations tied thereto. It becomes even more of a radical departure when the resulting offspring is a clone derived not from an embryo, but from a mature adult to whom the clone would be an identical twin; and when the process occurs not by natural accident (as in natural twinning), but by deliberate human design and manipulation; and when the child's (or children's) genetic constitution is preselected by the parent(s) (or scientists). Accordingly, as we will see, cloning is vulnerable to three kinds of concerns and objections, related to these three points: cloning threatens confusion of identity and individuality, even in small-scale cloning; cloning represents a giant step (though not the first one) toward transforming procreation into manufacture, that is, toward the increasing depersonalization of the process of generation and, increasingly, toward the "production" of human children as artifacts, products of human will and design (what others have called the problem of "commodification" of new life); and cloning—like other forms of eugenic engineering of the next generation—represents a form of despotism of the cloners over the cloned, and thus (even in benevolent cases) represents a blatant violation of the inner meaning of parent-child relations, of what it means to have a child, of what it means to say "yes" to our own demise and "replacement."

Before turning to these specific ethical objections, let me test my claim of the profundity of the natural way by taking up a challenge recently posed by a friend. What if the given natural human way of reproduction were asexual, and we now had to deal with a new technological innovation—artificially induced sexual dimorphism and the fusing of complementary gametes—whose inventors argued that sexual reproduction promised all sorts of advantages, including hybrid vigor and the creation of greatly increased individuality? Would one then be forced to defend natural asexuality because it was natural? Could one claim that it carried deep human meaning?

The response to this challenge broaches the ontological meaning of sexual reproduction. For it is impossible, I submit, for there to have been human life—or even higher forms of animal life—in the absence of sexuality and sexual reproduction. We find asexual reproduction only in the lowest forms of life: bacteria, algae, fungi, some lower invertebrates. Sexuality brings with it a new and enriched relationship to the world. Only sexual animals can seek and find complementary others with whom to pursue a goal that transcends their own existence. For a sexual being, the world is no longer an indifferent and largely homogeneous *otherness*, in part edible, in part dangerous. It also contains some very special and related and complementary beings, of the same kind but of opposite sex, toward whom one reaches out with special interest and intensity. In higher birds and mammals, the outward gaze keeps a lookout not only for food

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and predators, but also for prospective mates; the beholding of the many splendored world is suffused with desire for union, the animal antecedent of human eros and the germ of sociality. Not by accident is the human animal both the sexiest animal—whose females do not go into heat but are receptive throughout the estrous cycle and whose males must therefore have greater sexual appetite and energy in order to reproduce successfully—and also the most aspiring, the most social, the most open and the most intelligent animal.

The soul-elevating power of sexuality is, at bottom, rooted in its strange connection to mortality, which it simultaneously accepts and tries to overcome. Asexual reproduction may be seen as a continuation of the activity of self-preservation. When one organism buds or divides to become two, the original being is (doubly) preserved, and nothing dies. Sexuality, by contrast, means perishability and serves replacement; the two that come together to generate one soon will die. Sexual desire, in human beings as in animals, thus serves an end that is partly hidden from, and finally at odds with, the self-serving individual. Whether we know it or not, when we are sexually active we are voting with our genitalia for our own demise. The salmon swimming upstream to spawn and die tell the universal story: sex is bound up with death, to which it holds a partial answer in procreation.

The salmon and the other animals evince this truth blindly. Only the human being can understand what it means. As we learn so powerfully from the story of the Garden of Eden, our humanization is coincident with sexual self-consciousness, with the recognition of our sexual nakedness and all that it implies: shame at our needy incompleteness, unruly self-division and finitude; awe before the eternal; hope in the self-transcending possibilities of children and a relationship to the divine. In the sexually self-conscious animal, sexual desire can become eros, lust can become love. Sexual desire humanly regarded is thus sublimated into erotic longing for wholeness, completion and immortality, which drives us knowingly into the embrace and its generative fruit—as well as into all the higher human possibilities of deed, speech and song.

Through children, a good common to both husband and wife, male and female achieve some genuine unification (beyond the mere sexual "union," which fails to do so). The two become one through sharing generous (not needy) love for this third being as good. Flesh of their flesh, the child is the parents' own commingled being externalized, and given a separate and persisting existence. Unification is enhanced also by their commingled work of rearing. Providing an opening to the future beyond the grave, carrying not only our seed but also our names, our ways and our hopes that they will surpass us in goodness and happiness, children are a testament to the possibility of transcendence. Gender duality and sexual desire, which first draws our love upward and outside of ourselves, finally provide for the partial overcoming of the confinement and limitation of perishable embodiment altogether.

Human procreation, in sum, is not simply an activity of our rational wills. It is a more complete activity precisely because it engages us bodily, erotically and spiritually, as well as rationally. There is wisdom in the mystery of nature that has joined the pleasure of sex, the inarticulate longing for union, the communication of the loving embrace and the deep-seated and only partly articulate desire for children in the very activity by which we continue the chain of human existence and participate in the renewal of human possibility. Whether or not we know it, the severing of procreation from sex, love and intimacy is inherently dehumanizing, no matter how good the product.

We are now ready for the more specific objections to cloning.

The Perversities of Cloning

First, an important if formal objection: any attempt to clone a human being would constitute an unethical experiment upon the resulting child-to-be. As the animal experiments (frog and sheep) indicate, there are grave risks of mishaps and deformities. Moreover, because of what cloning means, one cannot presume a future cloned child's consent to be a clone, even a healthy one. Thus, ethically speaking, we cannot even get to know whether or not human cloning is feasible.

I understand, of course, the philosophical difficulty of trying to compare a life with defects against nonexistence. Several bioethicists, proud of their philosophical cleverness, use this conundrum to embarrass claims that one can injure a child in its conception, precisely because it is only thanks to that complained-of conception that the child is alive to complain. But common sense tells us that we have no reason to fear such philosophisms. For we surely know that people can harm and even maim children in the very act of conceiving them, say, by paternal transmission of the AIDS virus, maternal transmission of heroin dependence or, arguably, even by bringing them into being as bastards or with no capacity or willingness to look after them properly. And we believe that to do this intentionally, or even negligently, is inexcusable and clearly unethical.

The objection about the impossibility of presuming consent may even go beyond the obvious and sufficient point that a clonant, were he subsequently to be asked, could rightly resent having been made a clone. At issue are not just benefits and harms, but doubts about the very independence needed to give proper (even retroactive) consent, that is, not just the capacity to choose but the disposition and ability to choose freely and well. It is not at all clear to what extent a clone will truly be a moral agent. For, as we shall see, in the very fact of cloning, and of rearing him as a clone, his makers subvert the cloned child's independence, beginning with that aspect that comes from knowing that one was an unbidden surprise, a gift, to the world, rather than the designed result of someone's artful project.

Cloning creates serious issues of identity and individuality. The cloned person may experience concerns about his distinctive identity not only because he will be in genotype and appearance identical to another human being, but, in this case, because he may also be twin to the person who is his "father" or "mother"—if one can still call them that. What would be the psychic burdens of being the "child" or "parent" of your twin? The cloned individual, moreover, will be saddled with a genotype that has already lived. He will not be fully a surprise to the world. People are likely always to compare his performances in life with that of his alter ego. True, his nurture and his circumstance in life will be different; genotype is not exactly destiny. Still, one must also expect parental and other efforts to shape this new life after the original—or at least to view the child with the original version always firmly in mind. Why else did they clone from the star basketball player, mathematician and beauty queen—or even dear old dad—in the first place?

Since the birth of Dolly, there has been a fair amount of doublespeak on this matter of genetic identity. Experts have rushed in to reassure the public that the clone would in no way be the same person, or have any confusions about his or her identity: as previously noted, they are pleased to point out that the clone of Mel Gibson would not be Mel Gibson. Fair enough. But one is shortchanging the truth by emphasizing the additional importance of the intrauterine environment, rearing and social setting: genotype obviously mat-

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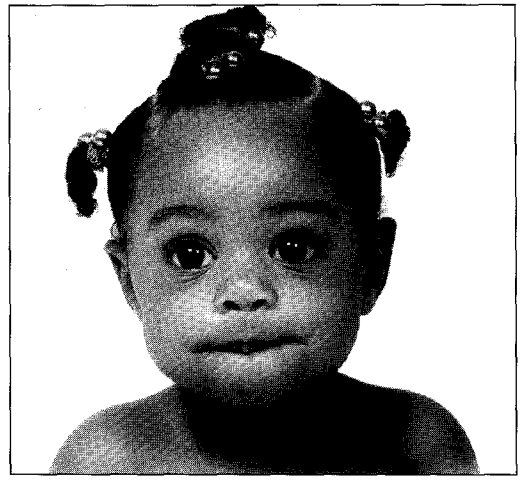
ters plenty. That, after all, is the only reason to clone, whether human beings or sheep. The odds that clones of Wilt Chamberlain will play in the NBA are, I submit, infinitely greater than they are for clones of Robert Reich.

Curiously, this conclusion is supported, inadvertently, by the one ethical sticking point insisted on by friends of cloning: no cloning without the donor's consent. Though an orthodox liberal objection, it is in fact quite puzzling when it comes from people (such as Ruth Macklin) who also insist that genotype is not identity or individuality, and who deny that a child could reasonably complain about being made a genetic copy. If the clone of Mel Gibson would not be Mel Gibson, why should Mel Gibson have grounds to object that someone had been made his clone? We already allow researchers to use blood and tissue samples for research purposes of no benefit to their sources: my falling hair, my expectorations, my urine and even my biopsied tissues are "not me" and not mine. Courts have held that the profit gained from uses to which scientists put my discarded tissues do not legally belong to me. Why, then, no cloning without consent—including, I assume, no cloning from the body of someone who just died? What harm is done the donor, if genotype is "not me"? Truth to tell, the only powerful justification for objecting is that genotype really does have something to do with identity, and everybody knows it. If not, on what basis could Michael Jordan object that someone cloned "him," say, from cells taken from a "lost" scraped-off piece of his skin? The insistence on donor consent unwittingly reveals the problem of identity in all cloning.

Genetic distinctiveness not only symbolizes the uniqueness of each human life and the independence of its parents that each human child rightfully attains. It can also be an important support for living a worthy and dignified life. Such arguments apply with great force to any large-scale replication of human individuals. But they are sufficient, in my view, to rebut even the first attempts to clone a human being. One must never forget that these are human beings upon whom our eugenic or merely playful fantasies are to be enacted.

Troubled psychic identity (distinctiveness), based on all-too-evident genetic identity (sameness), will be made much worse by the utter confusion of social identity and kinship ties. For, as already noted, cloning radically confounds lineage and social relations, for "offspring" as for "parents." As bioethicist James Nelson has pointed out, a female child cloned from her "mother" might develop a desire for a relationship to her "father," and might understandably seek out the father of her "mother," who is after all also her biological twin sister. Would "grandpa," who thought his paternal duties concluded, be pleased to discover that the clonant looked to him for paternal attention and support?

Social identity and social ties of relationship and responsibility are widely connected to, and supported by, biological kinship. Social taboos on incest (and adultery) everywhere serve to keep clear who is related to whom (and especially which child belongs to which parents), as well as to avoid confounding the social identity of parent-and-child (or brother-and-sister) with the social identity of lovers, spouses and co-parents. True, social identity is altered by adoption (but as a matter of the best interest of already living children: we do not deliberately produce children for adoption). True, artificial insemination and in vitro fertilization with donor sperm, or whole embryo donation, are in some way forms of "prenatal adoption"—a not altogether unproblematic practice. Even here, though, there is in each case (as in all sexual reproduction) a known male source of sperm and a known single female source of egg—a genetic father and a genetic mother—should anyone care to know (as adopted children often do) who is genetically related to whom.



In the case of cloning, however, there is but one "parent." The usually sad situation of the "single-parent child" is here deliberately planned, and with a vengeance. In the case of self-cloning, the "offspring" is, in addition, one's twin; and so the dreaded result of incest—to be parent to one's sibling—is here brought about deliberately, albeit without any act of coitus. Moreover, all other relationships will be confounded. What will father, grandfather, aunt, cousin, sister mean? Who will bear what ties and what burdens? What sort of social identity will someone have with one whole side—"father's" or "mother's"—necessarily excluded? It is no answer to say that our society, with its high incidence of divorce, remarriage, adoption, extramarital childbearing and the rest, already confounds lineage and confuses kinship and responsibility for children (and everyone else), unless one also wants to argue that this is, for children, a preferable state of affairs.

Human cloning would also represent a giant step toward turning begetting into making, procreation into manufacture (literally, something "handmade"), a process already begun with in vitro fertilization and genetic testing of embryos. With cloning, not only is the process in hand, but the total genetic blueprint of the cloned individual is selected and determined by the human artisans. To be sure, subsequent development will take place according to natural processes; and the resulting children will still be recognizably human. But we here would be taking a major step into making man himself simply another one of the man-made things. Human nature becomes merely the last part of nature to succumb to the technological project, which turns all of nature into raw material at human disposal, to be homogenized by our rationalized technique according to the subjective prejudices of the day.

How does begetting differ from making? In natural procreation, human beings come together, complementarily male and female, to give existence to another being who is formed, exactly as we were, *by what we are*: living, hence perishable, hence aspiringly erotic, human beings. In clonal reproduction, by contrast, and in the more advanced forms of manufacture to which it leads, we give existence to a being not by what we are but by what we intend and design. As with any product of our making, no matter how excellent, the artificer stands above it, not as an equal but as a superior, transcending it by his will and creative prowess. Scientists who clone animals make it perfectly clear that they are engaged in instrumental making; the animals are, from the start, designed as means to serve rational human purposes. In human cloning, scientists and prospective "parents" would be adopting the same technocratic mentality to human children: human children would be their artifacts.

Such an arrangement is profoundly dehumanizing, no matter how good the product. Mass-scale cloning of the same individual makes the point vividly; but the violation of human equality, freedom and dignity are present even in a single planned clone. And procreation dehumanized into manufacture is fur-

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ther degraded by commodification, a virtually inescapable result of allowing baby-making to proceed under the banner of commerce. Genetic and reproductive biotechnology companies are already growth industries, but they will go into commercial orbit once the Human Genome Project nears completion. Supply will create enormous demand. Even before the capacity for human cloning arrives, established companies will have invested in the harvesting of eggs from ovaries obtained at autopsy or through ovarian surgery, practiced embryonic genetic alteration, and initiated the stockpiling of prospective donor tissues. Through the rental of surrogate-womb services, and through the buying and selling of tissues and embryos, priced according to the merit of the donor, the commodification of nascent human life will be unstoppable.

Finally, and perhaps most important, the practice of human cloning by nuclear transfer—like other anticipated forms of genetic engineering of the next generation—would enshrine and aggravate a profound and mischievous misunderstanding of the meaning of having children and of the parent-child relationship. When a couple now chooses to procreate, the partners are saying yes to the emergence of new life in its novelty, saying yes not only to having a child but also, tacitly, to having whatever child this child turns out to be. In accepting our finitude and opening ourselves to our replacement, we are tacitly confessing the limits of our control. In this ubiquitous way of nature, embracing the future by procreating means precisely that we are relinquishing our grip, in the very activity of taking up our own share in what we hope will be the immortality of human life and the human species. This means that our children are not *our* children: they are not our property, not our possessions. Neither are they supposed to live our lives for us, or anyone else's life but their own. To be sure, we seek to guide them on their way, imparting to them not just life but nurturing, love, and a way of life; to be sure, they bear our hopes that they will live fine and flourishing lives, enabling us in small measure to transcend our own limitations. Still, their genetic distinctiveness and independence are the natural foreshadowing of the deep truth that they have their own and never-before-enacted life to live. They are sprung from a past, but they take an uncharted course into the future.

Much harm is already done by parents who try to live vicariously through their children. Children are sometimes compelled to fulfill the broken dreams of unhappy parents; John Doe Jr. or the III is under the burden of having to live up to his forebear's name. Still, if most parents have hopes for their children, cloning parents will have expectations. In cloning, such overbearing parents take at the start a decisive step which contradicts the entire meaning of the open and forward-looking nature of parent-child relations. The child is given a genotype that has already lived, with full expectation that this blueprint of a past life ought to be controlling of the life that is to come. Cloning is inherently despotic, for it seeks to make one's children (or someone else's children) after one's own image (or an image of one's choosing) and their future according to one's will. In some cases, the despotism may be mild and benevolent. In other cases, it will be mischievous and downright tyrannical. But despotism—the control of another through one's will—it inevitably will be.

Meeting Some Objections

The defenders of cloning, of course, are not wittingly friends of despotism. Indeed, they regard themselves mainly as friends of freedom: the freedom of individuals to reproduce, the freedom of scientists and inventors to discover and devise and to foster "progress" in genetic knowledge and technique. They want large-scale cloning only for animals, but they wish to preserve cloning as a human option for exercising our "right to reproduce"—our right to have children, and children with "desirable genes." As law professor John Robertson points out, under our "right to reproduce" we already practice early forms of unnatural, artificial and extramarital reproduction, and we already practice early forms of eugenic choice. For this reason, he argues, cloning is no big deal.

We have here a perfect example of the logic of the slippery slope, and the slippery way in which it already works in this area. Only a few years ago, slippery slope arguments were used to oppose artificial insemination and in vitro fertilization using unrelated sperm donors. Principles used to justify these practices, it was said, will be used to justify more artificial and more eugenic practices, including cloning. Not so, the defenders retorted, since we can make the necessary distinctions. And now, without even a gesture at making the necessary distinctions, the continuity of practice is held by itself to be justificatory.

The principle of reproductive freedom as currently enunciated by the proponents of cloning logically embraces the ethical acceptability of sliding down the entire rest of the slope—to producing children ectogenetically from sperm to term (should it become feasible) and to producing children whose entire genetic makeup will be the product of parental eugenic planning and choice. If reproductive freedom means the right to have a child of one's own choosing, by whatever means, it knows and accepts no limits.

But, far from being legitimated by a "right to reproduce," the emergence of techniques of assisted reproduction and genetic engineering should compel us to reconsider the meaning and limits of such a putative right. In truth, a "right to reproduce" has always been a peculiar and problematic notion. Rights generally belong to individuals, but this is a right which (before cloning) no one can exercise alone. Does the right then inhere only in couples? Only in married couples? Is it a (woman's) right to carry or deliver or a right (of one or more parents) to nurture and rear? Is it a right to have your own biological child? Is it a right only to attempt reproduction, or a right also to succeed? Is it a right to acquire the baby of one's choice?

The assertion of a negative "right to reproduce" certainly makes sense when it claims protection against state interference with procreative liberty, say, through a program of compulsory sterilization. But surely it cannot be the basis of a tort claim against nature, to be made good by technology, should free efforts at natural procreation fail. Some insist that the right to reproduce embraces also the right against state interference with the free use of all technological means to obtain a child. Yet such a position cannot be sustained: for reasons having to do with the means employed, any community may rightfully prohibit surrogate pregnancy, or polygamy, or the sale of babies to infertile couples, without violating anyone's basic human "right to reproduce." When the exercise of a previously innocuous freedom now involves or impinges on troublesome practices that the original freedom never was intended to reach, the general presumption of liberty needs to be reconsidered.

We do indeed already practice negative eugenic selection, through genetic screening and prenatal diagnosis. Yet our practices are governed by a norm of health. We seek to prevent the birth of children who suffer from known (serious) genetic diseases. When and if gene therapy becomes possible, such diseases could then be treated, in utero or even before implantation—I have no ethical objection in principle to such a practice (though I have some practical worries), precisely because it serves the medical goal of healing exist-

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ing individuals. But therapy, to be therapy, implies not only an existing "patient." It also implies a norm of health. In this respect, even germline gene "therapy," though practiced not on a human being but on egg and sperm, is less radical than cloning, which is in no way therapeutic. But once one blurs the distinction between health promotion and genetic enhancement, between so-called negative and positive eugenics, one opens the door to all future eugenic designs. "To make sure that a child will be healthy and have good chances in life": this is Robertson's principle, and owing to its latter clause it is an utterly elastic principle, with no boundaries. Being over eight feet tall will likely produce some very good chances in life, and so will having the looks of Marilyn Monroe, and so will a genius-level intelligence.

Proponents want us to believe that there are legitimate uses of cloning that can be distinguished from illegitimate uses, but by their own principles no such limits can be found. (Nor could any such limits be enforced in practice.) Reproductive freedom, as they understand it, is governed solely by the subjective wishes of the parents-to-be (plus the avoidance of bodily harm to the child). The sentimentally appealing case of the childless married couple is, on these grounds, indistinguishable from the case of an individual (married or not) who would like to clone someone famous or talented, living or dead. Further, the principle here endorsed justifies not only cloning but, indeed, all future artificial attempts to create (manufacture) "perfect" babies.

A concrete example will show how, in practice no less than in principle, the so-called innocent case will merge with, or even turn into, the more troubling ones. In practice, the eager parents-to-be will necessarily be subject to the tyranny of expertise. Consider an infertile married couple, she lacking eggs or he lacking sperm, that wants a child of their (genetic) own, and propose to clone either husband or wife. The scientist-physician (who is also co-owner of the cloning company) points out the likely difficulties—a cloned child is not really their (genetic) child, but the child of only *one* of them; this imbalance may produce strains on the marriage; the child might suffer identity confusion; there is a risk of perpetuating the cause of sterility; and so on—and he also points out the advantages of choosing a donor nucleus. Far better than a child of their own would be a child of their own choosing. Touting his own expertise in selecting healthy and talented donors, the doctor presents the couple with his latest catalog containing the pictures, the health records and the accomplishments of his stable of cloning donors, samples of whose tissues are in his deep freeze. Why not, dearly beloved, a more perfect baby?

The "perfect baby," of course, is the project not of the infertility doctors, but of the eugenic scientists and their supporters. For them, the paramount right is not the so-called right to reproduce but what biologist Bentley Glass called, a quarter of a century ago, "the right of every child to be born with a sound physical and mental constitution, based on a sound genotype ... the inalienable right to a sound heritage." But to secure this right, and to achieve the requisite quality control over new human life, human conception and gestation will need to be brought fully into the bright light of the laboratory, beneath which it can be fertilized, nourished, pruned, weeded, watched, inspected, prodded, pinched, cajoled, injected, tested, rated, graded, approved, stamped, wrapped, sealed and delivered. There is no other way to produce the perfect baby.

Yet we are urged by proponents of cloning to forget about the science fiction scenarios of laboratory manufacture and multiple-copied clones, and to focus only on the homely cases of infertile couples exercising their reproductive rights. But why, if the single cases are so innocent, should multiplying their performance be so off-putting? (Similarly, why do others object to people making money off this practice, if the practice itself is perfectly acceptable?) When we follow the sound ethical principle of universalizing our choice—"would it be right if everyone cloned a Wilt Chamberlain (with his consent, of course)? Would it be right if everyone decided to practice asexual reproduction?"—we discover what is wrong with these seemingly innocent cases. The so-called science fiction cases make vivid the meaning of what looks to us, mistakenly, to be benign.

Though I recognize certain continuities between cloning and, say, in vitro fertilization, I believe that cloning differs in essential and important ways. Yet those who disagree should be reminded that the "continuity" argument cuts both ways. Sometimes we establish bad precedents, and discover that they were bad only when we follow their inexorable logic to places we never meant to go. Can the defenders of cloning show us today how, on their principles, we will be able to see producing babies ("perfect babies") entirely in the laboratory or exercising full control over their genotypes (including so-called enhancement) as ethically different, in any essential way, from present forms of assisted reproduction? Or are they willing to admit, despite their attachment to the principle of continuity, that the complete obliteration of "mother" or "father," the complete depersonalization of procreation, the complete manufacture of human beings and the complete genetic control of one generation over the next would be ethically problematic and essentially different from current forms of assisted reproduction? If so, where and how will they draw the line, and why? I draw it at cloning, for all the reasons given.

Ban the Cloning of Humans

What, then, should we do? We should declare that human cloning is unethical in itself and dangerous in its likely consequences. In so doing, we shall have the backing of the overwhelming majority of our fellow Americans, and of the human race, and (I believe) of most practicing scientists. Next, we should do all that we can to prevent the cloning of human beings. We should do this by means of an international legal ban if possible, and by a unilateral national ban, at a minimum. Scientists may secretly undertake to violate such a law, but they will be deterred by not being able to stand up proudly to claim the credit for their technological bravado and success. Such a ban on clonal baby-making, moreover, will not harm the progress of basic genetic science and technology. On the contrary, it will reassure the public that scientists are happy to proceed without violating the deep ethical norms and intuitions of the human community.

This still leaves the vexed question about laboratory research using early embryonic human clones, specially created only for such research purposes, with no intention to implant them into a uterus. There is no question that such research holds great promise for gaining fundamental knowledge about normal

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(and abnormal) differentiation, and for developing tissue lines for transplantation that might be used, say, in treating leukemia or in repairing brain or spinal cord injuries—to mention just a few of the conceivable benefits. Still, unrestricted clonal embryo research will surely make the production of living human clones much more likely. Once the genies put the cloned embryos into the bottles, who can strictly control where they go (especially in the absence of legal prohibitions against implanting them to produce a child)?

I appreciate the potentially great gains in scientific knowledge and medical treatment available from embryo research, especially with cloned embryos. At the same time, I have serious reservations about creating human embryos for the sole purpose of experimentation. There is something deeply repugnant and fundamentally transgressive about such a utilitarian treatment of prospective human life. This total, shameless exploitation is worse, in my opinion, than the "mere" destruction of nascent life. But I see no added objections, as a matter of principle, to creating and using *cloned* early embryos for research purposes, beyond the objections that I might raise to doing so with embryos produced sexually.

And yet, as a matter of policy and prudence, any opponent of the manufacture of cloned humans must, I think, in the end oppose also the creating of cloned human embryos. Frozen embryonic clones (belonging to whom?) can be shuttled around without detection. Commercial ventures in human cloning will be developed without adequate oversight. In order to build a fence around the law, prudence dictates that one oppose—for this reason alone—all production of cloned human embryos, even for research purposes. We should allow all cloning research on animals to go forward, but the only safe trench that we can dig across the slippery slope, I suspect, is to insist on the inviolable distinction between animal and human cloning.

Some readers, and certainly most scientists, will not accept such prudent restraints, since they desire the benefits of research. They will prefer, even in fear and trembling, to allow human embryo cloning research to go forward.

Very well. Let us test them. If the scientists want to be taken seriously on ethical grounds, they must at the very least agree that embryonic research may proceed if and only if it is preceded by an absolute and effective ban on all attempts to implant into a uterus a cloned human embryo (cloned from an adult) to produce a living child. Absolutely no permission for the former without the latter.

The National Bioethics Advisory Commission's recommendations regarding this matter should be watched with the greatest care. Yielding to the wishes of the scientists, the commission will almost surely recommend that cloning human embryos for research be permitted. To allay public concern, it will likely also call for a temporary moratorium—not a legislative ban—on implanting cloned embryos to make a child, at least until such time as cloning techniques will have been perfected and rendered "safe" (precisely through the permitted research with cloned embryos). But the call for a moratorium rather than a legal ban would be a moral and a practical failure. Morally, this ethics commission would (at best) be waffling on the main ethical question, by refusing to declare the production of human clones unethical (or ethical). Practically, a moratorium on implantation cannot provide even the minimum protection needed to prevent the production of cloned humans.

Opponents of cloning need therefore to be vigilant. Indeed, no one should be willing even to consider a recommendation to allow the embryo research to proceed unless it is accompanied by a call for *prohibiting* implantation and until steps are taken to make such a prohibition effective.

Technically, the National Bioethics Advisory Commission can advise the president only on federal policy, especially federal funding policy. But given the seriousness of the matter at hand, and the grave public concern that goes beyond federal funding, the commission should take a broader view. (If it doesn't, Congress surely will.) Given that most assisted reproduction occurs in the private sector, it would be cowardly and insufficient for the commission to say, simply, "no federal funding" for such practices. It would be disingenuous to argue that we should allow federal funding so that we would then be able to regulate the practice; the private sector will not be bound by such regulations. Far better, for virtually everyone concerned, would be to distinguish between research on embryos and baby-making, and to call for a complete national and international ban (effected by legislation and treaty) of the latter, while allowing the former to proceed (at least in private laboratories).

The proposal for such a legislative ban is without American precedent, at least in technological matters, though the British and others have banned cloning of human beings, and we ourselves ban incest, polygamy and other forms of "reproductive freedom." Needless to say, working out the details of such a ban, especially a global one, would be tricky, what with the need to develop appropriate sanctions for violators. Perhaps such a ban will prove ineffective; perhaps it will eventually be shown to have been a mistake. But it would at least place the burden of practical proof where it belongs: on the proponents of this horror, requiring them to show very clearly what great social or medical good can be had only by the cloning of human beings.

We Americans have lived by, and prospered under, a rosy optimism about scientific and technological progress. The technological imperative—if it can be done, it must be done—has probably served us well, though we should admit that there is no accurate method for weighing benefits and harms. Even when, as in the cases of environmental pollution, urban decay or the lingering deaths that are the unintended by-products of medical success, we recognize the unwelcome outcomes of technological advance, we remain confident in our ability to fix all the "bad" consequences—usually by means of still newer and better technologies. How successful we can continue to be in such post hoc repairing is at least an open question. But there is very good reason for shifting the paradigm around, at least regarding those technological interventions into the human body and mind that will surely effect fundamental (and likely irreversible) changes in human nature, basic human relationships, and what it means to be a human being. Here we surely should not be willing to risk everything in the naïve hope that, should things go wrong, we can later set them right.

The president's call for a moratorium on human cloning has given us an important opportunity. In a truly unprecedented way, we can strike a blow for the human control of the technological project, for wisdom, prudence and human dignity. The prospect of human cloning, so repulsive to contemplate, is the occasion for deciding whether we shall be slaves of unregulated progress, and ultimately its artifacts, or whether we shall remain free human beings who guide our technique toward the enhancement of human dignity. If we are to seize the occasion, we must, as the late Paul Ramsey wrote,

> raise the ethical questions with a serious and not a frivolous conscience. A man of frivolous conscience announces that there are ethical quandaries ahead that we must urgently consider before the future catches up with us. By this he often means that we need to devise a new ethics that will provide the rationalization for doing in the future what men are bound to do because of new actions and interventions science will have made possible. In contrast a man of serious conscience means to say in raising urgent ethical questions that there may be some things that men should never do. The good things that men do can be made complete only by the things they refuse to do. •

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THE HARD QUESTIONS

Our town

When big-time politicians die, they are swaddled in yards of rhetoric and entombed in history books and encyclopedias. Some are even memorialized in airports, sports arenas and office buildings. When great journalists go to the big city desk in the sky, their passage is marked by colleagues in newspapers that have a shelf life of three days.

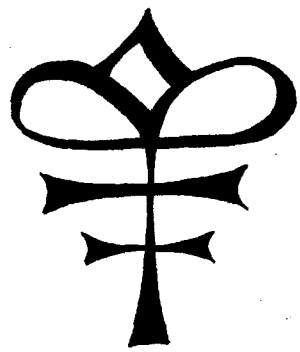
It should probably be the other way around. Journalists hardly ever cause any lasting damage to the Republic. Their sins are mostly of the flesh, and even when venal are quite petty by the exalted standards of government officials. Certainly Eric Sevareid, Walter Lippmann and Dorothy Thompson served the nation better than most of the politicians whose activities they analyzed. And they were more admired in their day.

Recently three giants of the trade died with their boots on: Murray Kempton, Mike Royko and Herb Caen. They were as different from one another as three men can be. Kempton, of the elliptical phrase and sardonic sensibility, was the Anglican priest of New York City, periodically rising to awe-inspiring levels of moral indignation over the transgressions of the mighty and the sufferings of the powerless. "There's no excuse for kicking someone unless he's up," he once said. With his finely honed intelligence and his exquisite sensibility, he gave elitism—that is, the responsibility of the educated and privileged to provide moral example—a good name.

Mike Royko was cut of rougher stuff. He did not lecture the fortunate on their duties but the working class on their rights. And he savored taking on the powerful. "People want to slug me because I make them angry," he proudly asserted. He was Chicago's bartender, the kind of guy you'd meet on a bar stool on the city's West Side, having a Polish sausage and a beer. Chances are he never had skim decaf latte in his life. Imagine, if you will, Nelson Algren walking the beat and writing for—not just about—the housewife, the cop and the factory worker.

Herb Caen could have become an institution only in San Francisco. He was at once the city's Boswell and its concierge. No event was too trivial to capture his attention, for it was all part of the glorious, messy mosaic of a city that has elevated navel-gazing to a high art. To him the San Franciscan was "that most favored of mortals" and his clamorous city a "fog-misted dream world." No place else on earth is so self-congratulatory, except Paris or Washington, D.C., and Caen encapsulated it perfectly. In the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the city's sad excuse for a paper, he was every man's Armistead Maupin, relating his Tales of the City bound together by iron cords of gossip.

What these three journalists have in common is that they were all chroniclers of the city. Though the places they wrote about were very different from one another, they are all composed of disparate individuals yearning to be connected to the greater mass of which they are a part. And that is what these men did for their readers. The city was their extended family—and they, each in his own way, were their city's voice.



Theirs is not a trivial accomplishment. Most cities have no voice. They are mute piles of concrete and bricks, sites of development and decay, where decisions are imposed from above on passive, and often resentful, residents. Kempton, Royko and Caen, and their few remaining counterparts like Pete Hamill, Jimmy Breslin and Mary McGrory, did not change the power structure. They did not even try. But they did, through their columns, provide a connective tissue that has been severed almost entirely in our increasingly corporate technological society, where Deep Blue has defeated man as champion of the chess world.

Of course, columnists and commentators proliferate like bacteria. But these three writers, and the few left like them, will not be replaced. There is no place for them in today's journalism. The old family-owned newspaper has become, nearly everywhere, part of a conglomerate—Gannett or Times Mirror or Knight-Ridder. The corporate entity, based in some semi-rural "industrial park" or "edge city," has no more relationship to the city it serves than does the supermarket chain that fills the grocery shelves.

The people who run the newspaper chains are not citizens of the city but of a corporate entity. They did not grow up on the city's streets, attend its schools or share in its glories and misfortunes. They parachute in with their MBAs to adjust the books, increase the profit margin and homogenize the product. As far as the corporate headquarters is concerned, the ideal city newspaper is one that looks, and sounds, like every other one in the chain—as bland and insipid as *USA Today*. This does not leave much room for local identity, which is to say eccentricity.

Personal journalists like Kempton, Royko and Caen, different though they were from one another, spoke for the urban life of the city. But, with the partial exception of New York, that urban life is being drained away. The growth of the suburbs—not only as a place to live, but to work and to shop—has undermined the very concept of urbanism. Suburbs are places of flight. They are where the middle and upper classes go to escape the failures of the city: crime, potholes, bad schools.

But suburbs are not mini-cities. They are based on homogeneity, not variety. They tend to be psychologically as well as juridically divided from one another, as well as from the city that spawned them. Nor do they have the cohesion and sense of identity of small towns. They are agglomerations rather than communities. And urban life itself, let alone the few remaining columnists who celebrate it, becomes evermore distant from the concerns of its inhabitants. The voice of non-urban America is increasingly CNN and *USA Today*, along with the placid, faceless news-readers on TV who no longer even bother to call themselves journalists, but rather "anchors."

The passing of the press's few urban poets is nothing less than the passing of the cities themselves. Of course, they will continue to exist on the map, but most of them will be as lifeless as the empty mills around them. The newspaper conglomerates know it, and so do the airlines, whose employees now welcome one to the Boston or Denver or Seattle "area."

What the newspaper chroniclers of city life embodied were the communities for which they spoke and from which they drew their sustenance. The community was real, and they were an essential part of it. This is why they will not be replaced. The cities are ceasing to be communities. They are congeries of enclaves where aspiring childless professionals, unassimilated and newly arrived Third World immigrants and a small group of idiosyncratic rich live in uneasy proximity. It's hard to write about "our town" when nobody feels they live there.

RONALD STEEL

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

French Phenomena

Here's the oddest bit of press-kit bio I've ever read: it's about the leading performer in a new French film.

Victoire Thivisol's performance in this film rightfully earned her the Best Actress Award at the 1996 Venice Film Festival. She is currently attending kindergarten in France.

The film is **Ponette** (Arrow). Victoire was tapped for the title role when she was three and a half and finished the film when she was four. (I can't call her Thivisol, as one might say Moreau or Deneuve, even though she is already a prize-winning actress.)

In the matter of child acting, this is the most extraordinary picture I know. The French have a long history of exceptional work with children—*La Maternelle* (1932) by Jean Benoit-Levy and *Forbidden Games* (1952) by René Clément are only two of the antecedents—but no film, French or otherwise, that I know, has given a large leading role to a child so young and has surrounded her, mostly, with children of about the same age.

The author-director was Jacques Doillon, now in his 50s, who has made over fifteen films, none of which I have seen. Quite apart from the specifics of *Ponette*, he is obviously a skilled man in general, adept at the governance of space. He uses just enough in every composition to include context without losing concentration on his subject.

This quality is what makes the film begin so alluringly. The first shot is a close-up of a young man talking to his small daughter, Ponette, who is in a hospital bed. We learn that there has been a car smash. Ponette's arm was broken, and the man's wife, the child's mother, is in a very bad way. As the scene ends, we expect, film-conditioned as we are, that we will follow the father into adult travails. But he leaves, and we stay with Ponette, close up.

And the whole film stays with Ponette, as she struggles to understand what death is, what it means in relation to herself and her mother (who soon dies) and to the rest of her life. The picture is too long, too crammed with the games and fabrications and quarrels of Ponette and her coevals, too laden with adult sagacities about heaven and God, and it's suddenly adorned with a miracle that we are clearly expected to accept as a miracle because of a red sweater—the tangible residue of a mysterious visitation. The wonder of this film is not the story but the making of it.

This means: How did Doillon deal with Victoire? All small children fantasize. But how, after much testing of preschool children, did Doillon decide on Victoire? And how do you get a 4-year-old who lives in daily contact with her mother to pretend convincingly that her mother is dead? Acting talent seems a quite unrelated subject for a child so very young; it seems too early even for the ego-satisfaction that children get from good imitations when they're 5 or 6. I note, however, that in the list of credits, along with the scene shifter and the costume designer, is a children's psychoanalyst.

I don't impute exploitation to Doillon—anyway, not any more than obtains when any child is put in a hothouse relationship with adults for a limited time, then dropped. (Remember that lovely little boy who was Dustin Hoffman's son in *Kramer vs. Kramer*? I wonder what he's doing now.) I do impute to Doillon some special powers of perception and empathy—to help Victoire over the threshold from play into playing, into the *use* of the life she is just beginning to know. (I leave out Doillon's power of persuasion with Victoire's actual parents.)

Ponette sets a new world record for juvenility in a leading performer. Will someone try to break that record?

All of us who are keen on the history of film—and, I'd guess, some sane people as well—will be grateful for **Auguste and Louis Lumière: Letters: Inventing the Cinema** (Faber and Faber, 333 pp., $29.95). The letters were edited and annotated by Jacques Rittaud-Hutinet, aided by Yvelise Dentzer, and translated by Pierre Hodgson. Louis's grandson, Maurice Trarieux-Lumière, has written a fascinating preface.

The Lumière brothers were born in Lyon—Auguste in 1862, Louis in 1864—sons of a prospering manufacturer of photographic equipment. Auguste was educated in medical sciences, but he never lost involvement in his brother's passion for photo-chemistry. (Color photography was one of their early interests; they helped to develop it.) In later years Louis always objected strongly when Auguste was omitted as his collaborator, even though Auguste did considerable work in other fields.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Designated Mourner. *Wallace Shawn's piece for three speakers who sit facing us, casually describing the end of civilization. A quasi-vernacular elegy, funny, frightening, lovely. The leading speaker is Mike Nichols, excellent. (Reviewed 3/24/97)* **Hamlet.** *Kenneth Branagh's directing and performance. Some florid directing, but he and some of the others are fine. (1/27/97)* **La Promesse.** *In a Belgian city full of foreign workers, a local 15-year-old makes a promise to an African family. Absolutely unsentimental, very moving, unforgettable. (5/26/97)* **Traveller.** *Adventures of a Southern con man. Some cleverness, some charm. Bill Paxton is winning. (5/19/97)* **—SK**

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To a degree unknown to me elsewhere, the brothers shared their lives. They married two sisters, and, says the grandson,

> for decades, the two brothers and their families shared the same house in Lyon [the capacious villa that is now the Institut Lumière] and until Louis left for Paris when my grandmother died in 1925, they took every meal together ... eating in each other's rooms in alternate weeks. They worked in the same factory that they had established with their father ...

Among their non-photographic achievements, Louis invented the loudspeaker, and Auguste "published nearly 60 books and hundreds of articles" in the fields of biology, physiology, pathology. During World War One, Louis subsidized a hospital with 100 beds while Auguste underwrote the radiological treatment of the patients. During World War Two Auguste concealed a German Jewish doctor, then smuggled him off to South America, where, in a Lumière laboratory, he furthered experimentation on Auguste's enquiry into substances to help scar tissue formation. Louis died at 82, Auguste six years later.

And what else did the Lumière brothers do? They invented the cinematograph.

These letters to and from friends, associates, competitors, customers, are vivid backstage glimpses of the world in which film came into being—before the Paris debut in December 1895 and the global flood almost immediately thereafter. Some technical matters are discussed about cameras and projectors, with small diagrams, but mostly there is excitement, always expressed in language as graceful and curlicued as old-time Palmer penmanship. And of course the brothers soon expanded into filmmaking, short pictures that are large treasures.

Of all the dozens of matters treated in these letters, one subject is salient. Credit for pioneering in cinema is usually apportioned to Thomas A. Edison in America, Max Skladanowsky in Berlin, Robert William Paul and William Friese-Greene in England and the Lumières. Edison certainly was demonstrating motion pictures in 1893, Skladanowsky showed film of a kind in Berlin in early 1895, and the two Englishmen, working separately, made important strides. But Paul tried to buy film from the Lumières in November 1895; in January 1896, Edison cabled the Lumières and offered to buy "a fully equipped plant for the manufacture of cinematographic films" (the offer was declined); and in 1935 Skladanowsky wrote to Louis, calling him "my great contemporary, who solved once and for all a problem with which independent workers had been struggling

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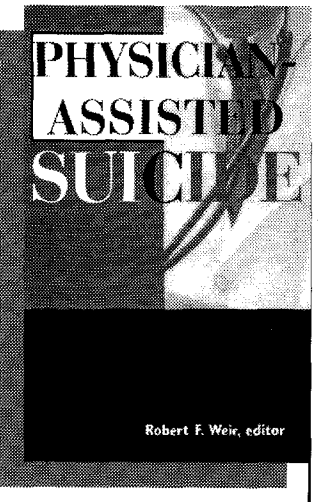

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in four countries ... the famous inventor of the Cinematograph." Though the Lumières were not alone, the matter of primacy seems now to be settled.

What men, Auguste and Louis. Look at the photo of the two of them, in early middle age, on the book jacket. Then look at the photo of them facing page 157, white-haired, still affectionate brothers. What men. •

Jed Perl on Art

Apollo and Dionysus

Last year marked the ninetieth anniversary of Cézanne's death, and next year will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of Picasso's, and if anything is for sure it's that neither of these artists is in danger of being passed over in silence. Ten months ago, when the Cézanne retrospective was a huge draw at the Philadelphia Museum of Art and the Museum of Modern Art was presenting "Picasso and Portraiture," they dominated the art pages of the newspapers and magazines, two actors in the same big modern adventure. And yet they could not have been more differently regarded. Cézanne and Picasso have come, like some latter-day Apollo and Dionysus, to represent the glorious beginning and the troubling conclusion of an era when painting took on an unheard-of independent power. Nietzsche, whose writings about the Greeks had a tremendous influence in the coffee houses of Picasso's youth, said that Apollo represented the "dream" of art and Dionysus its "intoxication." Picasso, while always admiring the Apollonian spirit of Cézanne, whose discoveries can seem as inevitable as the morning sun, was at heart a Dionysian rabble-rouser, and by now many people seem to regard him as a devil who unleashed the nihilistic forces that brought the modern dream crashing down.

Many museumgoers have a relatively vague sense of what these artists were trying to do, but that doesn't mean that the public cannot grasp the broad outlines of this drama of lightness and darkness and marvel at Cézanne's reserved assurance while held in thrall by Picasso's disturbing animus. The blockbuster fever, which almost inevitably dominates a museum where a Cézanne show or a Picasso show appears, leads some journalists to question the depth of the public's engagement. Still, the museum directors and the book publishers who market the modern classics are not necessarily wrong in believing that a lot of people have a heartfelt response to talents on this Olympian scale.

The Paintings of Paul Cézanne, the catalogue raisonné that is the final achievement of the great scholar John Rewald, who died in 1994, is being promoted by Abrams, the art book publisher, as if it could reach an audience well beyond the scholarly world. Abrams might not be wrong. Surely, the large public that takes modern art seriously has encouraged Random House, which brought out the second installment of John Richardson's *Life of Picasso* this season, to conceive a four-volume biography in the first place and then to produce one of the most beautifully designed and printed books of recent years. Richardson's second volume begins in 1907, the year after Cézanne's death, when there was a commemorative exhibition at the Salon d'Automne that gave Picasso and many others their first opportunity to take an in-depth look at Cézanne's late work. And now the National Gallery in Washington and the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston have banded together to produce "Picasso: The Early Years," which takes the story up to 1906 and has its own hefty book. The show, which was organized by Mark Rosenthal and Jeffrey Weiss in Washington and Robert J. Boardingham in Boston, is at the National Gallery through July, and then goes, in a significantly different version, to Boston for the fall.

A Life of Picasso, Volume II: 1907-1917
by John Richardson
(Random House, 500 pp., $55)

"Picasso: The Early Years"
The National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

The Paintings of Paul Cézanne: A Catalog Raisonné
by John Rewald
(Harry N. Abrams, Vol. I, 592 pp., Vol. II, 335 pp., $400

By now the works of Picasso's Blue and Rose periods, which dominate "The Early Years," are regarded by many people as clichés. Some might say the same of certain Cézanne still lifes, with their eponymous apples and onions and empty wine bottles and rumpled cloths. There are paintings by these artists that have kicked off the same reactions so many times before that by now those responses seem to be built into the work itself. If critics sometimes sound a little peevish when responding to Cézanne, and if they are frequently just plain hostile to Picasso, it could be because they are annoyed at the thought that the public doesn't really need a commentator's help.

Confronted with the circus performers of the Rose period, museumgoers exult in Picasso's casual tenderness, and I don't think they're mistaken. Picasso achieves emotional fullness in the huge *Family of Saltimbanques* (1905), and the room at the National Gallery that centers on this dreamtime painting is suffused with the heart-stopping yet serene assurance of Picasso's first totally successful union of exact outline and evanescent color. This may be an old revelation, but I am mystified by the response of Michael Kimmelman, the chief art critic for *The New York Times*, who wrote that if Picasso had died in 1906, before *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*, "he would be remembered as a second-tier Symbolist." Who, pray tell, would the first-tier Symbolists be?

There is plenty to dislike about Picasso, from his sadistic entanglements with rejected lovers to his sleazy Stalinism and his slapdash overproduction. But I am wary of people who are quick to dump on a Dionysiac temperament. That doesn't take too much courage in our increasingly conservative social climate. Picasso is a force of nature, and, having granted him that, many critics seem to feel that discrimination requires whittling away at his work. When Adam Gopnik, who writes about art for *The New Yorker*, reviewed Richardson's second volume, he got so angry about Picasso's bad character that he ended up concluding that the artist's work has "no enduring emotional core, no criticism of life, no oddity or tenderness or magic." I guess forces of nature are out of fashion, though the public that still puts the next Picasso event on its must-see list has apparently not been informed.

Theatricality is a keynote of "Picasso: The Early Years," and that may make this Spaniard seem all the more the polar opposite of Cézanne. Yet for Picasso, as for Matisse and Braque, coming of age meant coming to terms with Cézanne, and the encounter could be particularly unsettling and provocative for Picasso, precisely because there was so much in him that was inimicable to the spirit of the Master of Aix. Going through the early rooms of this exhibition, you are caught up in a story of dance halls and

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cheap rooms, foppishly dressed dandies, prostitutes with deep red lipstick, opium, absinthe, black moods, crazy jokes. This is a self-portrait of the young man as an avid bohemian, and in many respects the show describes the polar opposite of Cézanne, who is not a painter of modern life—which is what John Richardson has subtitled the second volume of his biography, after Baudelaire—but an artist who expects to live in solitude as life goes on around him.

In a chapter on "Cézanne and Picasso," Richardson quotes a remark that Gertrude Stein made to Harold Acton: "All modern painting is based on what Cézanne had failed to do, instead of on what he nearly succeeded in doing." Richardson believes that this reflects Picasso's thinking. It is one of those one-liners that Picasso himself probably couldn't exactly explain, but it does suggest that Picasso, with his tearing-through-life feverishness, wasn't especially interested in Cézanne's way of deliberately, meticulously moving toward a goal. Yet when you begin to regard Cézanne from the vantage point of what Picasso was thinking in the first decade of the new century, you realize that of course Cézanne had, like the young man from Barcelona with the flowing ties, an early taste for romantic fantasy. There is a Dionysian side to the Apollonian Cézanne, and perhaps it's by reaching into that early, almost wacky Cézanne that Picasso became, from time to time, an Apollonian man. This Dionysus is obsessed with Apollo, plays at being Apollo and even is Apollo for a few years when Cubism is in its most serene phase. The two artists had already achieved a spiritual rapprochement half a decade earlier, when Picasso's saltimbanques began to echo the cool austerity of several harlequins that Cézanne painted in the late 1880s.

I suspect that Picasso was beginning to come to terms with Cézanne as early as 1901. In the first volume of his biography, Richardson mentions El Greco and art nouveau as possible inspirations for Picasso's spectral blue, and his observations make a good deal of sense, but what I found coming most forcibly to mind in the Blue period rooms at the National Gallery was the stormy-weather atmosphere that Cézanne had first invoked in the 1860s. Among the mourning figures in Picasso's allegorical *Burial of Casagemas*, a memorial to the suicide of a troubled Barcelona friend that is generally regarded as inaugurating the Blue period, there are certainly echoes of Cézanne's way of setting flesh against sky in his nudes of the 1860s and '70s. Picasso could have seen these Cézannes among

ART SCENES *Galleries, Exhibits, and Events*

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Vollard's holdings around the time that he exhibited with Vollard in 1901. And, while Picasso was still too young to make much sense of the elegance of Cézanne's construction, he already grasped the powerful romantic undercurrent in his early and middle-period nudes.

The great theme of "The Early Years" is the artist's struggle to shape his precocious virtuosity and imaginative energy into some coherent form. In the first few galleries, you may find yourself thinking that such an astonishingly versatile showman kid could have easily ended up as a bombastic pasticheur. Where this exhibition falls down is in the difficult task of demonstrating how Picasso grew into the young genius of 1905, with masterpieces emerging like butterflies. The first rooms, which do not include Picasso's major early works, such as the near-Victorian *Science and Charity* (1897), make his beginnings appear more scattered and unfocused than they were. The show is full of precious glimpses of bohemian life, yet you don't always see the avid intelligence behind the constantly shifting scenes. I think an exhibition that placed more emphasis on Picasso's drawings and sketchbooks might have done a better job of suggesting how he enlarged upon his provincial academic training, through the explosive experimentation with fin-de-siècle styles, until he arrived at the peerless confidence of 1905. The show has paintings aplenty to hold the attention of the crowds, but it is in the drawings that we see Picasso build up his powers of articulation and design.

What Picasso discovers between the ages of 15 and 25 is how to give a volumetric impact to an essentially linear style. Line—as divider, builder, communicator—activated everything Picasso ever did. He found himself as a painter by realizing himself as a draftsman, but then he turned out to be an enviably assured handler of paint, too. The light touch of his strokes, sometimes barely covering the canvas, is one of the miracles of the later galleries in this show. No matter how little paint Picasso puts on, he's able to suggest wonderful nuances of volume in the fluidly modeled forms. The Rose period gives wafting-away fin-de-siècle symbolism a modern cleanness and immediacy. Picasso's young men and women exult in their tender, glowing flesh.

An extraordinary generosity suffuses the later rooms of this show. In 1904, Picasso does one watercolor in which a fully dressed man concentrates all his attention on his naked, sleeping lover, and another watercolor in which the man, now undressed, is seen from the back, and we are intensely aware of the feelings of the woman, who wraps her thighs around his body and tenderly caresses his arm. Picasso shows a familial intimacy during the Rose period, which is full of young couples and babies, and older athletes who watch proprietarily as adolescent acrobats practice their stunts. And when Picasso meets Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas, he proceeds to paint a pair of women who regard one another with a fixity that (he is willing to acknowledge) excludes him. The paintings of 1905 and 1906 are about a time when youth is ending and adulthood has not yet begun, when people feel things very intensely but don't yet necessarily know how to put those feelings into focus. And this coming-of-age subject matter takes on an epochal power because it's so intertwined with the years when the century was new.

There seems to be no end to the terrific material on Picasso that scholars are uncovering. Of the ten essays in the National Gallery catalog, the standout is Jeffrey Weiss's "Bohemian Nostalgia: Picasso in Villon's Paris." Weiss begins by pointing out that, in 1904, Picasso, along with poet friends Max Jacob and André Salmon, enrolled in a series of lectures on the fifteenth-century poet François Villon that a brilliant young man of letters, Marcel Schwob, gave at the Sorbonne. Weiss doesn't know how many of these lectures Picasso attended, but he is convinced that Picasso and his companions experienced their down-and-out Paris as somehow mysteriously connected with the medieval Parisian underworld of Villon. This will make sense to anybody who has ever experienced the magic of a great city, where neighborhoods retain their age-old personalities even as everything changes.

For Weiss, Picasso's saltimbanques are first of all turn-of-the-century figures. He underscores the point with a fascinating early color photograph, which suggests that Picasso's pinks and blues are based directly on circus costumes of the day. But Weiss also argues—and this is his central insight—that the out-of-time-and-place magic of *The Family of Saltimbanques* is grounded in a sense that Picasso shared with Salmon and Jacob, that an older Paris lingered in the almost rural sidestreets and cul-de-sacs of Montmartre. Wandering late at night, Picasso and his friends believed that they were getting in touch with Villon's world. They felt unmoored from the present, and the same can be said of *The Family of Saltimbanques*, who slip back into the lost worlds of Degas and Lautrec, of Watteau and Callot, even of Pompeii and Crete.

No other twentieth-century artist provokes so much cross-disciplinary thinking as Picasso. His life touches on almost every aspect of this century—literature, politics, theater, fashion—and the richness of the material is reflected in a continuing stream of publications and exhibitions. In the years since his death, we have glimpsed whole new aspects of Picasso, such as his interesting work as a photographer, some of which illustrates the Richardson biography. The Musée Picasso in Paris is currently publishing all the sketchbooks in its possession: they're another aspect of his achievement that was little known a quarter of a century ago. The past year has brought an engaging anthology on *Picasso and the Spanish Tradition* (Yale), edited by Jonathan Brown, a scholar of seventeenth-century Spanish painting. A valuable adjunct to "Picasso: The Early Years" is *Picasso and Els 4 Cats* (Bulfinch), an English-language version of the catalog of a show at the Picasso Museum in Barcelona that focused on Picasso's Barcelona years and the café that was the center of the modern movement there. The Metropolitan Museum of Art has two Picasso exhibitions slated to open in the next year, one a show of prints from the Musée Picasso in Paris, the other, titled "Picasso Young," of early work from the museum's own collection. Picasso is even the subject of an encyclopedic directory, the 956-page *Dictionnaire Picasso*, written by Pierre Daix, one of Picasso's biographers, which includes entries on everything from Cubism to cuisine.

Both "Picasso: The Early Years" and volume two of Richardson's biography are set during what amount to the changing-of-the-guard years in French art. This decisive period in Paris is one of the central themes of John Rewald's *The Paintings of Paul Cézanne*, for, although Cézanne spent less and less time in Paris in his later years, this catalogue raisonné is, among other things, an expansive account of how collectors, dealers, critics and artists were coming to terms with the paintings that were piling up in Vollard's storerooms and slowly making their way into public view. (Picasso ultimately owned three Cézannes, including a late *Château Noir*.) For the artists of Picasso's generation, Cézanne was the Moses of modern art and Mont Sainte-Victoire was its Mount Sinai. So it's no wonder that Rewald's catalogue raisonné achieves some of the layered richness of Talmudic commentary.

Rewald will begin an entry on a painting with a close analysis of the brushwork or the composition. He may leave it at that, or quote from another commentator's observations or offer a long digression. Number 421, the entry on the

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Portrait de Louis Guillaume (1879-80), begins with a discussion of this childhood friend of Cézanne's son, moves into a close description of the painthandling, and then quotes at length from the response that a 21-year-old Hungarian, Lajos Fulep, later a prominent philosopher and theologian, had when he first saw this painting at the Salon d'Automne of 1906. Rewald explains that the significance of Fulep's response is that "it shows the reaction of a young critic, unfamiliar with contemporary French developments, who for the first time comes upon Cézanne, surrounded by the recently emerged Fauves." Meanwhile, Picasso was on the verge of creating *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon.*

In Rewald's hands, the catalogue raisonné is a wonderfully open-ended form. By the time this formidable scholar was writing most of the entries, in the 1960s and '70s, he had already thoroughly explored the origins of Cézanne's art in a Sorbonne thesis on Cézanne and Zola, as he had during the years that he spent tracing Cézanne's steps and photographing his sites, and in his magisterial histories of Impressionism and Post-impressionism, and in the various versions of his biography of the artist. Now Rewald seemed to want to operate somewhat more freely. Once the basic facts needed for a catalogue raisonné entry are in order—which, of course, is no small matter—he will break out of chronology and talk about anything anytime. (In 1993, when his health was failing, Rewald designated Jayne Warman and Walter Feilchenfeldt to complete the work, which they have done.)

Rewald finds room for an extended discussion of Roger Fry's catalytic role in Cézanne studies, as well as for a paragraph on the affinities between particular nineteenth-century artists and particular flowers. When Rewald writes about how the tulip appealed to Cézanne because of its "linear quality" and "discrete coloration," he shows an artist's eye, and it's that same instinct that leads him to fill his catalogue raisonné with drawings after Cézanne, by Juan Gris and Giacometti and others. Far from being a dry record, this last, posthumous work by one of the greatest students of art in our time is about the rippling effects of Cézanne's Apollonian spirit and how he was always there in the background, just as Mont Sainte-Victoire looms above Picasso's grave at the château de Vauvenargues. Rewald quotes some remarks of Braque's. "How could I possibly cater for a particular public? Do you imagine that Cézanne did? No, he painted for himself. One feels that for Cézanne painting was a matter of life or death; he risked everything—yes, even his life—each time he embarked upon a picture."

Of course, the Picasso of Richardson's biography is not a man of whom it can be said that he painted for himself. Sometimes the pages of this book are so crammed with Picasso's fascinating friends that you forget that Picasso probably spent most of his waking hours alone in a studio. Richardson knew Picasso fairly well in the '50s, when he and the collector and historian Douglas Cooper shared a home in the South of France. That was late in Picasso's life, but Richardson saw firsthand how the artists and the writers, the dealers and the collectors and their glamorous friends all orbited around Picasso. Richardson brings a wide experience of the world to bear on his extraordinary subject.

From his early days in Barcelona, Picasso was at the center of a complicated social universe, and in the Cubist years covered by this second volume—1907-17—his circle became huge. There are the lovers, among them Fernande Olivier and Eva Gouel; the painters, including Braque, Matisse, Derain, Marie Laurencin, Léger and de Chirico; the writers Max Jacob, André Salmon, Apollinaire, Cocteau and Gertrude Stein; and the dealers and collectors and critics, among them Vollard, Kahnweiler, Hermann Rupf, Jacques Doucet and Marius de Zayas. A reader bumps into fascinating figures, such as Henri-Pierre Roché, who advised the American collector John Quinn, was close to Duchamp, and wrote *Jules et Jim* (where Truffaut found the raw material for his peerless cinematic sketch of the Cubist years).

Richardson understands the complicated mixed motives that attract people to a genius. He sees that the aura of unimagined freedom that hovers around a great artist has a magnetic appeal for people who may know next to nothing about art but want some reckless fun. Richardson loves to give a moment in the spotlight to odd marginal characters, such as Géry Pieret. Pieret was Apollinaire's sometime secretary and perhaps lover; he stole a number of Iberian sculptures from the Louvre and thereby involved Picasso and Apollinaire in a fairly big scandal.

As a chronicler of Picasso's worldliness, Richardson has no competition. By the end of this volume, Picasso has joined up with Cocteau and Satie to create *Parade.* It's the beginning of his Ballets Russes phase, and I can only imagine what Richardson will do with Gerald and Sara Murphy and the gilded '20s in vol-

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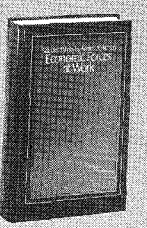
Selected Works by Armen A. Alchian
Introduction by Ronald H. Coase



Only a few economists are able both to contribute significantly to economic theory and to write for the general reader. Armen Alchian is such an economist. As long ago as 1950, when he published his paper "Uncertainty, Evolution, and Economic Theory" (reprinted in this volume), Alchian gained an international reputation. In the intervening years he has made important contributions to the economic analysis of inflation and unemployment and to the theory of costs and of the firm. He has also been the leading economist in developing a theory of property rights. Importantly, Alchian writes well. *Economic Forces at Work* is distinguished by his ability to disentangle the essential from the trivial and, above all, by his skill in explaining how the same basic economic forces are at work in a wide variety of apparently different social settings.

Armen A. Alchian is professor emeritus of economics at UCLA.

Ronald H. Coase has been a senior fellow in law and economics at the University of Chicago Law School. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in Economics in 1991.

524 pages. Introduction, graphs and tables, index.

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ume three. Yet the very talents that enable Richardson to present such a suave account of Picasso's conquest of Paris before World War I leave him ill-equipped to deal with the most dramatically inward-turning phase of Picasso's career, which is the invention of Cubism, in the years around 1910. Richardson wants to bring a levelheaded tone to the complicated story of how Picasso and Braque together turned the naturalistic foundations of European painting inside out. He moves through the successive phases of breakup and transformation as if such revolutions were all in a day's work, and the result is that Cubism loses its strange, glinting magic and its dark, seismic appeal.

Richardson may be too much of an empiricist to take the imaginative leap that Cubism requires. But it may also be that no biographer on earth could give a totally convincing account of a creative process that the artists most intimately involved believed defied any kind of coherent verbal explanation. A number of reviewers have noted that, although Picasso's is the most meticulously documented of careers, Richardson is hard-pressed to find evidence for what Picasso and Braque were thinking in the crucial years when they were shattering all the Renaissance conventions of volume and void. A reader can sense Richardson's frustration at the relative silence that surrounds what is perhaps the most critical development in his entire story. Contemporary interviews with the artists are scrappy and unreliable. And their own later accounts can have a summing-up grandeur that obviously has little to do with what they felt at the time.

When Rewald writes about Cézanne, he's inclined to acknowledge the limits of what we can know about the creative process by leaving the studio door closed. I wish Richardson had a bit of that reticence. Instead he tries so hard to track all the turns of Picasso's imagination that they begin to sound like the events on a social calendar. Richardson can make the painting process feel mechanical, overdetermined. He and his collaborator Marilyn McCully (who edited "The Early Years" catalog) find an explanation for everything. The reasons that Richardson presents are often so niftily logical that they muffle the daring of what was going on.

As Richardson moves ever deeper into Cubism, this most pervasively nonrepresentational phase of Picasso's career, he can't really do what he does best, which is show the life flowing into the art. But he keeps on trying to explain what's happening in the paintings in terms of a series of discrete influences. The increasing prominence of a strong linear pattern of verticals and horizontals is related "to the time-honored technique of squaring-up a preliminary sketch for enlargement on canvas." That gives High Cubism an academic feel that it simply doesn't have. A page later, when Richardson confronts one of the most mysterious of all Cubist developments, the surfaces that are opaque at one end and practically transparent at another, he mentions the discovery of X-rays by Röntgen in 1897, and supposes that Picasso had "seen Fernande's X-rays when she was in hospital." This is very interesting. What's missing, though, is a feeling for the pressures within the painting process. By 1910, Cubism had become a tidal force, sweeping Picasso and Braque forward. Cubism was unfolding with its own internal logic; the paintings were writing their own autobiography.

Richardson establishes the limits of the available documentation, but his account of Picasso may ultimately suggest the limits of the biographical approach. A biographer wants to show how an artist's work emerges from the circumstances of his life, but with Picasso, who sometimes seems to become involved with a new person because of a look or a temperament that matches a direction that his work is already taking, we may actually begin to believe that art is making life happen. Picasso is far from being the only artist who regarded time spent with friends and lovers as a rehearsal for the main event that takes place alone in the studio. But with Picasso, who was more intensely involved with more people than any other great artist of this century, the avidity for experience can seem like a near-mythic by-product of the rapacity of his imagination. By 1917, when Richardson's second volume ends, Picasso has already created such a variegated universe in his work that anybody who comes within his orbit will be sure to find his or her place already prepared. Even Cubism has its part to play in Picasso's psychological cosmology; it is the ultimate rejection of the ordinary, the furthest from reality that you can go.

Untitled

I have learned to see in the dark, to distinguish happiness from happiness,
to understand what the closeness of another life can mean,
to grasp unexpectedly the changes in the time of year,
the way two or three atoms add weight to the air at noon.
The reflection in the window, vanished half a moment ago,
the voice mixed into the leaves, the breathing's scrambled traces
were repeating to me that you had returned to town before
a friend, a wellwisher, an enemy. God himself was able
to say it. Like a Delphic fugitive, you hid
in the boles of cherry trees, elms, you changed, shifted the calendar,
having turned away from the ray, having turned almost into untruth
and nonexistence—that which is unable to grant him
even a drop of itself. Here the exchange is always uneven.
Phoebus is alive thanks to you, while you exist on your own
(what myth guesses, what Verbum and Logos have hidden,
we will grasp with ease, I think, when we cross the finish line)
and now, when the reflectors' echo thunders a double start,
when the concrete and wheels fly apart by a millimeter,
like a blizzard to one in Siberia, the name burns the throat,
the name that literally means snowy weather.
The wet curved mainland mirrors your features.
It's unclear whether stars are circling, or a wind is plunging,
and there's not much reality. The play of wind and waters,
the universe of clouds over Geneva, Varna, London.
Werther is already forgotten. All the places in the world
are marked in the diary. The word "I love" is erased.
The crash is much closer, even the homeland and the Lord
are closer than the body and soul just fifteen miles from this place.
There are no more signs in the sky, but still one can see and hear
in the final darkness, before the era of ice or fire.
It has been said that there will be no more time. Two thousand years,
two drops, two airplanes roll through the hemisphere.

Tomas Venclova

—translated by Diana Senechal

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Picasso gives a distinctively personal profile to even the most austerely abstract of his achievements. That is why his work has such a special place in the public's imagination, a place it was already beginning to achieve in the years around World War I. People who look to painting for an escape from personality can't bear the way that Picasso wires his art and his life into the same closed circuit; but his scrupulously nurtured powers as a form-giver make his self-dramatization matter, and give his diabolical egotism its staying power. When Picasso looks straight out at us from one of his self-portraits, what we find ourselves regarding isn't the man but the myth that the man has made. I think that the controversies that still swirl around this artist who died a quarter-century ago are in fact a testament to the formal qualities of his work. Picasso, Adam Gopnik wrote in *The New Yorker*, "was a creep with women." So are a lot of men; but that doesn't explain Picasso's women.

Richardson has been accused, by Gopnik and others, of making apologies for Picasso, but I can't see that he makes any bones about the great man's misogyny. On page 19, for example, Richardson observes that "Fernande was the first of Picasso's mistresses to undergo a process that a subsequent lover, Françoise Gilot, would describe as first the plinth, then the doormat." Still, some reviewers have a hard time understanding that Richardson's desire to present Picasso's point of view is not the same thing as exonerating him. These complaints about Picasso are nothing new, but they have a particular weight right now, when it's thought that going public with the seamier side of a person's life is a sort of therapeutic process that will miraculously make everything right in the world. Of course Richardson can do nothing about the sad fact that even as his lover Eva Gouel was dying, Picasso was complaining about the medical bills and looking for somebody else to take to bed. Richardson doesn't claim that succumbing to Picasso's charms was the wisest thing in the world, but he doesn't feel under any obligation to turn this biography into a Mistress Abuse Hotline.

Picasso was immensely appealing to many women, and who are we to deny that appeal? Anybody who has gone through "Picasso: The Early Years" can see how Picasso's narcissistic pleasure in his own smoothly sensuous features and huge, dark, almond-shaped eyes must have translated into a magnetism that delighted others. He painted himself as a cartoon bohemian, a poetic young man, an austere youthful genius, and in each there is a penetrating yet unneurotic self-awareness. What the men and the women who gathered around Picasso understood was that his self-confidence allowed him to enter into the imaginations of others, so that even as he appropriated a woman's looks and moods he was demonstrating a strikingly sympathetic attention. When a woman abases herself before a man who has turned her into an immortal icon, normal standards of self-esteem do not necessarily pertain.

Richardson has begged our forbearance for this artist whom he believes was a typical male product of a nineteenth-century Mediterranean culture. Yet Picasso, I think, is very much a modern man. We see this in the way that he presents women as his victims and his toys, but also as vivid, freestanding personalities. He can be merciless in his depictions of his lovers, but the creator of *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon* certainly knows a good deal about their rage, too. Picasso was a rebel, and he understood the spirit of rebellion in others. Even as he arrived in Paris, he rejected the overrefined, art-for-art's-sake sensibilities of the fin de siècle, which had turned women into ghostly ciphers. Picasso gave his women a new kind of vehement presence, and they're still raising temperatures today.

Picasso was perfectly aware of the incendiary nature of his work, and interestingly enough he seems to have believed that this was something that he had in common with Cézanne. Richardson, in his chapter "The Coming of Cubism," quotes Picasso as saying that he wanted to "produce work that would be '*bien couillarde*'—a favorite phrase of Cézanne's that means literally 'ballsy.'" In another context, Picasso remarked that "if Cézanne had worked in Spain he would have been burnt alive." It is often imagined that what Picasso brought from Spain to France was an expressionist impulse, and that what he found in France was a classical order. For Picasso, however, there was a demonic streak in Cézanne that would not have survived in Spain. No doubt Picasso was also thinking about himself when he reflected on the dangers that modern art faced south of the Pyrenees. In "Picasso: The Early Years" he leaves home and arrives in Paris, where Cézanne is still relatively unknown. By the end of Richardson's second volume, Picasso and Braque have taken Cézanne's argument with reality into realms of which Cézanne never dreamed. What Picasso made of Cézanne might well not have pleased Cézanne, but those who would judge Picasso by what they imagine are Cézanne's standards are living in a world that no longer exists. Dionysus has passed this way. •

The Jeremiah Racket

BY ALAN WOLFE

The Assault on Parenthood: How Our Culture Undermines the Family by Dana Mack

(Simon and Schuster, 368 pp., $25)

Worried, like any concerned father of children under 13, about the moral lives of today's kids, I responded positively to the announcement that William Damon, the prominent educator from Brown University, would be coming to our local high school to help form a "youth charter." Damon's *Greater Expectations* (1995), in contrast to so many of the flaky products of America's schools of education, was a serious book. Damon argued that we are misled by the panaceas of self-esteem, and tone deaf to religion, and afraid to pass judgment, and so we do not demand enough of children. I agreed with him. Suburban public education, as my wife and I experience it, refuses to acknowledge that some kids are too intelligent to be anything but offended by peer grading, too curious to have their brightness treated the same way one treats the learning disabled, and too good in their hearts to understand why their teachers would be vengeful toward them because they were going to go much further in the world than their teachers had.

But the all-day session over which he presided turned into quite a surprise. It started off with Damon explaining that children cannot be left in a moral vacuum. Then we broke out into smaller sessions. Ours had not been going for more than five minutes before one of those designated to lead us launched

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into an attack on irresponsible parents. The reason so many kids take drugs, I learned from her, was because their parents are so preoccupied with their careers and so materialistic in their desires. When I protested that most parents love their children dearly and make sacrifices beyond imagination to treat them right, a number of parents agreed, at which point our facilitator was bereft of an agenda.

I may have headed off what Dana Mack calls "the assault on parenthood." Still, I had to confess defeat when we all reassembled in the auditorium. It turned out that all the smaller sessions except mine had concluded that the blame for the low moral development of our children had to be assigned to their parents. Ministers bewailed their lack of faith. Women attacked men who teach aggressive behavior on the soccer fields of suburbia. Parents confessed their sins. The police chief asked them not to leave their kids alone for the weekend to party while they went on ski trips. Teachers pleaded with them for their cooperation. According to accounts in the local paper, the day was a great success. Enough, my wife and I concluded. We are going to try private schools.

If social trends can be proclaimed based on my personal experience, suburban public schools are about to face the same precipitous declines in enrollment suffered by urban ones. All around our community—which contains not only well-off professionals, but two world-class colleges—friends and neighbors, having moved there for the schools, find themselves shopping around for alternatives. These are people willing to undergo double taxation—property taxes for the public schools that they will not use and tuition for the private schools that they will use—because they feel the same combination of hostility and anti-intellectualism that we experienced that awful and enlightening day at the high school.

We chose to investigate only one private school, a small and academically challenging one in Boston. Sitting in on classes with our daughter, we were astonished by the dedication and the intellectual excitement of the faculty. The students seemed to be in love with the place. Aside from the fact that it cost more than we ever could afford, it was a dream come true. Then we went to the very last orientation meeting for new parents. One thing you must understand, the admissions director told us, is that your kids do not want you to stop by during the day if you happen to be in the neighborhood, for they quite rightly view the school as their own. The message conveyed was clear. Turn your kids over to us, and keep out.

Back in the 1970s, a number of the country's best conservative intellectuals took up Lionel Trilling's idea about the "adversary culture" and turned it into the theory of the New Class. This theory holds that the revolutionary values of the 1960s, especially relativism, secularism, pacifism and sexual liberation, won the war for the American mind. Counter-cultural veterans, no longer committed to the discipline and the delayed gratification associated with the Protestant ethic, led a long march through American institutions. Capitalists would not, as Lenin famously put it, sell the rope with which they would be hanged; they would sell instead the culture with which their values would be obliterated.

Dana Mack believes that educational professionals are in the vanguard of the New Class, and that they are waging a war against parents. Long influenced by ideas of reform that can be traced back to the Progressives and John Dewey, teachers, in Mack's view, have discovered in recent decades two things about their profession that are indispensable to furthering their political agenda. One is that they can use the children in their classes to "re-educate" their parents. Fill kids up with enough ideas about recycling, the dangers of alcohol, world peace, or multiculturalism, and, before you know it, they'll be lecturing their parents at the dinner table (assuming they eat dinner together).

Educators adhere to their own ideology, Mack argues, one which emphasizes choice (though they always coerce children into making the "right" ones) and equality (though they always prevent others from challenging the decisions that educational professionals make in its name). This ideology is the source of their power. When parents uphold an alternative vision of "moral dictates, rules, and authority," the kids too often choose the easy way out.

The other tactic educators have learned is the capture of government. "Here's to the only union that owns its own cabinet department," Mack quotes an official of the National Education Association as saying when President Carter signed the Cabinet post of Secretary of Education into existence. With the federal government involved, educational professionals could now "mandate" standards through regulations which would impose not only costs but also dubious pedagogical nostrums on every school board in the country. Special education, bilingualism and instruction in sexual technique, according to Mack, have proliferated through educational bureaucracies owing to federal involvement. Worst of all is "outcomes based education," which Mack calls "a federally funded brainchild," designed to ensure that no one will be advanced to a new level of learning until every student in the class has mastered the material.

But Mack is just warming up with the educators. She has a larger jeremiad in mind. Therapists who discover examples of child abuse so deeply repressed that they never took place; best-selling authors who write about "toxic parenting"; secularists hostile to traditional religion; lawyers advocating children's rights; gay activists intent on transforming heterosexual fears of AIDS to respect for their sexual preferences; feminists who will not give up on the notion of women's equality in the labor force, no matter how significant the harm to children; judges who rip children away from loving adopted parents to give them to biological parents whom they do not know; cynical media executives eyeing fast bucks; even conservative welfare reformers who insist that poor mothers should work—all these villains, in Mack's view, are part of a fairly systematic campaign to undermine the confidence of parents.

Why systematic? Because, according to Mack, all those involved in the assault on parenting, whether employed by the schools or elsewhere, are bureaucrats with a vested interest in expanding the services that they offer. Their bad intentions are best conveyed by their efforts to do good things. One of her examples is a decision of the Meriden, Connecticut school board in 1993 to reject the state's plans requiring schools to provide free or subsidized breakfasts to poor kids. Heartless middle-class cruelty toward the poor? Hardly, in Mack's account. The school board, she argues, was correct to reject the state's interference in its community. Poor and minority residents of Meriden had every reason to challenge the supposition that they were not feeding their children, Mack claims. Those pushing for the plan, by contrast, were not really interested in helping kids; their larger goal was "an agenda of expanding direct 'services' to children who may or may not need them." Get hold of their stomachs for breakfast, Mack implies, and you can get their minds at dinner. Parents have every right to object to such schemes, for "the notion that parents are incapable of raising children without the help and oversight of an army of social service professionals provided by the schools is rapidly gaining currency."

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If social service providers want nothing more than to invade the American home and to abduct the children who live there, then parents, in Mack's account, are now fighting back to retain custody of their progeny. Having talked to a lot of them around the country, she has found resentment brewing everywhere against the educational establishment. Initiatives to assert and to protect parental rights have appeared on state ballots and a Parental Rights and Responsibilities Act was introduced in Congress. Parents are learning about charter schools and voucher plans that enable them to have more control over what their children learn. Christian academies, dedicated to teaching the old-fashioned way, are sweeping the country. And, in the most dramatic move of all, more and more parents are educating their children at home.

This emerging resistance has created what Mack calls "two distinct political cultures in our nation." One, that of the professionals and social service providers, is "a culture of conformity, of homogenization, collectivization, peer orientation, and a dictatorial vision of political activism," while the other, to which the parents adhere, is "a culture that values individuality, pluralism, privatism, intergenerational interaction, and grassroots political activism." Since the stakes in this culture war are so great, parents who choose options such as home-schooling "are barely aware of the subversive implications of their choice." They might think they are merely deciding how best to convey knowledge to their kids. But in reality they are foot-soldiers in a revolutionary cause.

Much of what passes for social commentary these days is marred by the number of writers who have a good idea they treat in a bad way. Mack's good idea is that some professionals—based on my experience, I am even willing to say most professionals—who deal with children think that they know more than the parents of the children with whom they deal. Very little of what Mack writes about is foreign to me. I pride myself on resisting conspiracy theories, but I have not been able to dismiss from my mind the notion that our kids are given a lot of meaningless yet time-consuming homework so that they will be unable to play Scrabble with their mother and father. Nor am I pleased when they come home spouting their knowledge of the latest drug paraphernalia helpfully provided by the local police through the DARE program. Our daughter has taken to chastising us for our wine-drinking at dinner, and one of our sons has been known to transform himself into an eco-terrorist if I try to slip a soda can into the ordinary trash. There are lots of people out there in the world who see my kids as grist for their political mills.

Mack's bad idea—a very bad one—is to react to this situation with so partisan and so doctrinaire a screed for reaction that she winds up worse than the liberal professionals whom she attacks. Prevent the kids from ever falling into her clutches, I vowed to myself, as I digested her exaggerations, her mistakes, her double standards. I would trust the National Education Association, I would trust even the DARE program, over this kind of brazen politicization.

There are frequent distortions in Mack's book. Not especially important, but annoying nonetheless, is the way in which Mack places various academic authorities at the wrong universities or, in another case, gets the university itself wrong. (It was Columbia University, and not the New School for Social Research, which attracted the intellectuals of the Frankfurt School.) Mack is described by her publisher as a parent living in Connecticut and as "an Affiliate Scholar with the ... Institute for American Values" (on whose academic advisory committee I sat until I read this book). I have nothing against writers with little scholarly or journalistic experience entering the terrain of social criticism, but they ought to obey the elementary conventions of the craft.

More serious is Mack's "no enemies to the right" strategy to guide her through this complicated terrain. This is the first book I have read that treats *The Bell Curve* as a normal work of social science to be cited as if its findings were established matters of fact. Conservative writers are invariably "enlightening" (Rita Kramer) or speak "eloquently" (Michael Medved). They are never identified by their politics, but are instead labeled as "experts" or "investigative journalists"; and their opinions are presented to the reader as examples of disinterested conclusions or objective research.

It is not clear whom Mack is deceiving more, her readers or herself. From time to time, I did feel that Mack was trying to pull a fast one on her readers. At one point, for example, she calls Of the People, an Arlington, Virginia group formed to support parental rights initiatives around the country, "nonpartisan." Since the group refuses to reveal the sources of its funding, its status as nonpartisan is hard to challenge. Mack then makes an effort to present the organization as consensus-seeking, but since the group takes one side, and one side

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only, in very sectarian fights, the effort is surely misleading.

Mack also spends time recounting the evolution of a sexual education controversy in Falmouth, a community on Cape Cod. In 1992 the school committee decided to make condoms available to all students from the seventh grade up. As Mack relates what happens next, a grassroots group developed to challenge the committee, focusing attention on a survey designed to gather information on the sexual activity of Falmouth teens. Angry parents turned to Judith Reisman, the president of the Center for Media Education, who conducted an "evaluation" of the survey and found in it a "disregard for scientific standards." With Reisman's report and "three other professional evaluations" in hand, opponents of sex education managed to get the survey withdrawn at a public hearing.

Since the three professional evaluators are never named, it is impossible to judge their credentials. Reisman is a different story. In a footnote, Mack informs the reader that she was "the first scholar to challenge the Kinsey Institute research on child sexuality, is an expert on child pornography, has been a consultant for the Department of Health and Human Services and the Department of Education, and has done in-service training for the FBI Academy and the Center for Missing and Exploited Children in Washington, D.C." That version of Reisman's curriculum vitae barely hints at the fact that she is about as capable of conducting an impartial evaluation of a sex survey as Johnnie Cochran was capable of judging O.J. Simpson's guilt. Reisman is a perfect example of a single-issue inside-the-Beltway ideologue, a one-woman crusader against pornography whose concern with "scientific standards" pales compared to her conviction that pornography is always and everywhere harmful.

Yet the more I read, the clearer it became that Mack is not engaged in a disinformation campaign, for she deceives herself with far more regularity than she deceives her readers. Ideology is little more than self-deception on a grand scale, after all. Those who believe that anyone who has the right answers must have the correct analysis are living in a world in which illusions are never checked by reality. Conservative educational criticism, in particular, resembles a Ponzi scheme: each writer cites another conservative writer for proof of this point or that, with the result that a veritable library of books is assembled, all of them resting on the same nonfoundations. Take that juicy quote from an anonymous NEA official toasting the creation of the Department of Education. Mack's source for the quote is Charles Sykes's *Dumbing Down Our Kids.* Sykes's source for it is Gilbert Sewall's *Necessary Lessons.* Sewall does not give a precise source, but refers the reader to articles in *The American Spectator* and *Commentary.* And those articles never mention the alleged incident at all. Did someone actually say it? Maybe, maybe not. But even in the best case, no one can tell us who that someone was.

Mack's book is full of such ideological self-referentiality. I have yet to read a conservative account of sex education without seeing Roger Coulson's name prominently displayed. A former adherent of the human potential movement associated with Abraham Maslow and Carl Rogers, Coulson's criticisms of therapeutic educational techniques are always taken by conservatives as the last word, because he has been there and done that. Mack adduces him to support the proposition that "behavioral programs"—her term for psychological techniques that play down discipline and play up self-esteem—are associated with juvenile violence. And a fascinating correlation it would be, if Coulson (or anyone else) had established it. But Mack cites no scholarship on this point. The reason, surely, is that Coulson is not a scholar; he is just another voice in the right's circle of likeminded critics. The closest that Mack herself comes to a correlation coefficient is when she cites with approval the comment of a homeschooling mom who pointed out that the one thing gang members have in common is that they all went to school. Maybe they were all of women born, too.

Perhaps Mack came across Coulson's name in Beverly K. Eakman's *Educating for a New World Order,* for his crusade against the human potential movement is featured in that book. Eakman's underground best-seller posits the existence of a vast conspiracy run by the Educational Testing Service. The testers have a plan; taking advantage of the captive environments called schools, they are socializing America's youth through behavior modification, hypnosis, assertiveness training, and the use of subliminal messages into a "New World Order" dominated by Third World countries hostile to American capitalism. This new world order, Eakman writes, "is extreme, pure fascism, totalitarian—and very high tech." By contrast, she helpfully notes that "Adolph [sic] Hitler is sometimes referred to by the media as 'extreme right-wing,' " but never as a "conservative."

And even Eakman is accepted by Mack as an authority. Mack does point out that her book "is hardly an exemplary work of scholarship" and "at times it verges on incoherence." And yet, Mack writes, "she tells some compelling stories," which Mack then goes on to retell. That Mack would pay serious attention to a book that makes Pat Robertson seem level-headed comes as something of a surprise—but not after reading Mack on Robertson himself. In her view, Robertson's Christian Coalition is a "broad-based, middle-class movement claiming adherence by up to a third of the voting population." Its success, she opines, "seems obvious enough." Parents, you see, "look around at rising social chaos and the implementation of social policies with which they cannot identify and simply close ranks." Robertson has been called an anti-Semite by some. But whether this bothers Mack, who makes her Jewish faith a point of pride in her book, I have no way of knowing, for she chooses not to mention the controversy at all. She does manage to describe Betty Friedan's ideas, in truly despicable fashion, as an "*Arbeit macht Frei* mentality."

Sometimes it proves difficult even for Mack to fit every item in her parental rights agenda into her conservative blinders. Thus, to her credit, she denounces conservative versions of welfare reform that insist on women entering the labor force, and she does not shy away, as some conservatives do, from attacking the capitalist media for their blithe disregard of childhood's integrity. Americans, moreover, are fascinated by scenes of children taken away from adoptive parents and returned to their biological parents, even ones who disowned them when they were born; but Mack does not come down, as one might expect, on the side of the biological parents. For her, and for me, the tragedy is to see children taken out of loving homes. But whereas for most people such examples would lead to the conclusion that issues involving parents and children are too emotionally and morally complicated to fit into any political agenda—one could support the biological parents, after all, as an example of an "assault on parenthood"—Mack merely acknowledges them before moving back to her crusade.

If there is anything new in Mack's book, it is not her tired criticism of educators and social service providers, but her reports from the field. She talked to 250 parents around the country, Mack tells her readers, offering her book as "a petition on their behalf." The parents with whom she spoke, in her account, are seething with anger at the educational professionals, "mounting a strong and concerted movement to reclaim the powers they've lost."

Mack provides no explanation of how and why she chose her subjects, so it is

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impossible to know whether their views are representative, whether the anger that they manifest bespeaks the potential for a major populist campaign for parents' rights. Certainly conservatives are banking on such a campaign. Having failed to win much support for their views on the environment or government regulation of business, they sense in the hostility toward educators a possibility of a new majority.

But there is an empirical problem here. Every time parental rights has been on a state ballot, it has lost. Mack attributes such losses to the power of the education lobby. I have a different explanation. Like Mack, I have also talked to parents around the country about these issues. (My interviews were part of a larger project on middle-class morality that will be published next year.) Like her, I detected strong undercurrents of dismay about childhood in America combined with a distinct sense that schools are failing. But I also heard something else. Middle-class Americans are suspicious of liberal educator professionals, not because they are liberal, but because they are political. Schools should be about schooling, they believe, not about teaching respect for native languages or the rights of animals. Reformers who use the schools to promote their own conceptions of equality or social justice are viewed as confusing the distinction between learning and indoctrination.

If I am right, such people would be equally as skeptical if the politics were conservative rather than liberal. The truth is that Dana Mack is just as much a member of the New Class as any radical educational theorist. For every liberal horror that Mack identifies, she proposes a conservative horror. Instead of getting God out of the schools, she would get God back in. Banal songs about global understanding would be replaced by "an appreciation of high art and authentic folk art." Liberals like the Internet because they think it is democratic; Mack likes it because she thinks it is populist. Even the term "parental rights," which conservatives love so much, is an odd affectation, since it was liberals who first launched the rights revolution. (Mack is aware of this irony, but her awareness never brings her to reflection.) "The New Familism is becoming political," Mack gushes, unaware that, since Americans hate politics, that also means it is becoming unpopular.

American culture will survive the assault of *The Assault on Parenthood*. And, alas, that is a mixed blessing. For our schools are in terrible shape, and the major responsibility for their condition surely ought to be assigned to those educational professionals and social service providers whose fascination with dubious schemes is undoubtedly due owed the fact that it is other people's children who bear the burden of their application. But they will easily escape the criticisms launched by Mack against them, just as they have escaped all conservative versions of educational reform. By playing the political card, Dana Mack plays right into their hands. •

The Scrutineer

BY DENIS DONOGHUE

F. R. Leavis: A Life in Criticism by Ian MacKillop

(St. Martin's Press, 476 pp., $35)

F. R. Leavis was for a time the most influential literary critic in England. He was unignorable, especially during the years (1932-53) in which his journal *Scrutiny* declared itself the conscience of English literature and its environment, and was eventually accepted as having a valid claim to that distinction. When *Scrutiny* ceased publication, many of the writers who had gathered around Leavis in its pages carried his words among their own to all nations by writing the new *Pelican Guide to English Literature*, edited in several volumes by Boris Ford. Leavis was not especially keen on the idea of the *Pelican Guide*. For one thing, he knew that it would draw off the energy of his scrutineers and hasten the end of his journal. As it turned out, the several volumes of the *Guide* were the books students had to read when they were trying to get a bearing on the English literary tradition. The standard histories of English literature were useless for that purpose.

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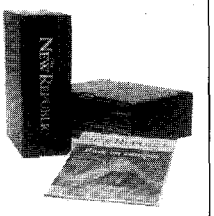

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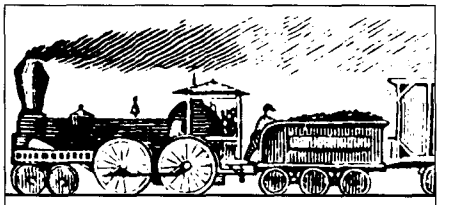

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Even now, nineteen years after Leavis's death, there is no measuring the degree to which his sense of the relation between literature and society has impinged on those who concern themselves with that issue as "public intellectuals." To cite an instance of his work in this respect: when he says, in *Lectures in America*, that modern civilization has let down working-class people by leaving them "to enjoy 'a high standard of living' in a vacuum of disinheritance," we know what he means. We know it because we have learnt from his commentaries on Wordsworth, Blake, Jane Austen, Dickens, George Eliot, Henry James, Conrad, D.H. Lawrence, T.S. Eliot and other writers what he meant by "continuity" and "tradition" and what the emptiness of disinheritance entails. In *Education and the University* he clarifies the point by claiming that schools and colleges "are, or should be, society trying to preserve and develop a continuity of consciousness and a mature directing sense of value—a sense of value informed by a traditional wisdom." In that book, published in 1943, Leavis believed "that the attempt to establish a real liberal education in this country ... is worth making because, in spite of all our talk about disintegration and decay, and in spite of what we feel with so much excuse in our many despondent moments, we still have a positive cultural tradition." The effort of establishing "a real liberal education" would be "the effort of an actual living tradition to bring itself to a focus, and would see itself—or feel itself—in terms of the carrying on of a great concern."

Even in his last writings, beset as they were by painful evidence of defeat, Leavis held on to his conviction that a few intelligent people could still keep the tradition alive:

> When a literary tradition is robust, as the English tradition was till quite recently (at any rate till within my lifetime), the readers who, though not themselves describable as being among the few original critics, are—with the help of these—intelligent about significant creative work, form, small minority as they are, a nevertheless decisively influential body—a body which is the core of an "educated public." Even today when Kingsley Amis is a second-to-none member of the ruling connection which controls all the prestige-generating machinery and the tradition is too decayed for influential people of any kind to be affected by it, or even aware of it, I find myself wondering whether the more or less isolated critically informed and intelligent persons I so often come on mightn't be formed into a new kind of minority public.

Born in Cambridge on July 14, 1895 to comfortable middle-class parents—his father owned a shop that sold pianos and other musical instruments—Frank Raymond Leavis got a good elementary education at the local Cambridge and County School and won a scholarship to the Perse Grammar School. At Perse he did well in Greek, Latin, French and German. In 1914, he entered Emmanuel College, reading history. When there was talk of military conscription, in 1915, he took the decision out of official hands by joining the Friends' Ambulance Unit. He trained as a medical orderly and served in France. After the war he went back to Cambridge, switched from history to English and started on his fateful career in literary criticism. He was impeded by some personal consequences of the war, notably a bad stomach, distressed nerves, and insomnia, but he made a practice of exercising his body in long-distance running and swimming. He claimed—so it is said—that his ability to swim fifty yards under water enabled him to read Swinburne's poetry. In 1924, he received his doctorate with a dissertation on the relation between journalism and literature in the eighteenth century.

Ian MacKillop's book is not a full-scale biography. He has little to say about Leavis's personal and domestic life. In 1929, Leavis married a student of his, Queenie Dorothy Roth, daughter of Jewish parents who disowned her when she "married out." But we learn virtually nothing of the Leavises in their daily lives. One of their children was intellectually precocious, a musical genius. Q.D.L. went on to write *Fiction and the Reading Public*, still one of the most cogent studies of English fiction and the social and economic conditions of its production. It is clear that she contributed many perceptions to F.R.L.'s books, especially to *The Great Tradition*, his study of the novel. In her later years she became, at least on the evidence of her published work, a virago. She once denounced me in print for calling her Mrs. Q.D. Leavis and thereby implying—or so she pretended to think—that she was divorced from F.R.L. When I pointed out that she had not protested when T.S. Eliot, Charles Tomlinson and other writers called her Mrs. Q.D. Leavis, she was not appeased. (The truth of the matter was that she resented my appointment to a lectureship at Cambridge and thought she should have gotten the job. Maybe she should have.)

MacKillop's book is a study of Leavis's life in criticism. Domesticity rarely breaks in. We are free to imagine that his entire life was cerebral, spent in reading English literature and teaching it, editing *Scrutiny*, writing angry letters, turning lectures into books of literary and social criticism and quarreling in voice and print with colleagues, editors, politicians and other public figures. We learn as much as we want to know about his years as Fellow and Director of English Studies at Downing College, Cambridge; his pupils; his methods of teaching; his Idea of a University and the relation—as he construed it—between "mass civilization" and "minority culture." We still don't know why his professional career at Cambridge moved so slowly. As he reminded us, not for the first time, in the introduction to *English Literature in Our Time & the University* (1969), "I ... attained to an Assistant Lectureship in my forties and a full Lectureship ten years later, and was made a Reader in my sixty-fifth year." Lesser colleagues at Cambridge received promotion before he did. He was not appointed to the King Edward VII Chair of English Literature when it fell vacant. MacKillop doesn't quite explain why, on every occasion of a possible appointment, Leavis was passed over. Perhaps he had made too many enemies, men and women in high place in Cambridge. Presumably he had to pay for the pleasure of insulting E.M.W. Tillyard ("There is the master of Jesus"), Basil Willey ("... Methodist"), T.R. Henn ("The Henn is cackling") and many other confreres. Maybe he was just insufferable.

Leavis's control of his wits, in his last years, was intermittent. When he retired from the post of Director of English Studies, Downing offered the job to Brian Vickers, a formidable scholar in Renaissance literature and the history of rhetoric. Leavis wanted his own pupil Morris Shapira to get the job, and he intimidated Vickers so virulently that Vickers decided he could not take up his duties. The Fellows of Downing should have told Leavis that he had no right to choose his successor. But they didn't. It was a disgraceful episode. Occasionally in the years after retirement Leavis eased up a bit. He accepted a visiting professorship at the new University of York, gave a few lectures at Bristol, Harvard and Cornell, made a trip to Italy, where he met the poet Eugenio Montale.

MacKillop is helpful on Leavis's teaching practices. At his best, Leavis was not only an incandescent teacher but a gentle and courteous one. He had a gift for friendship, even if he often indulged himself by disowning a friend. Generally, he fostered his pupils and brought them on. Many students have acknowledged how much they owe him, even though some of them have had to repay their debts with steep interest. And yet, much as he spoke of collaboration and the merit of convinced disagreement, he

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made it difficult for a pupil to dissent for long. If a disciple veered from Leavis's doctrine on a particular writer, or a particular poem, or a particular social issue, he was made to feel that he had lapsed from the required standard of intelligence.

MacKillop is evasive on Leavis's displays of bad manners, the sneering tone of his attacks on Noël Annan, Frank Kermode and many other men of letters. His Richmond Lecture of 1962, directed against C.P. Snow, is easy to explain, and MacKillop's version is the fairest I've seen, but the lecture remains hard to justify. Leavis could have made the few necessary points, mostly about the Industrial Revolution, without being rude or playing to the gallery. He knew that his forensic skill was remarkable, and he took pleasure in remarking it. Imagine starting a lecture with these sentences:

> If confidence in oneself as a master-mind, qualified by capacity, insight and knowledge to pronounce authoritatively on the frightening problems of our civilization, is genius, then there can be no doubt about Sir Charles Snow's. He has no hesitations. Yet Snow is, in fact, portentously ignorant.

The habit of mind by which Leavis repudiated his early enthusiasms for I.A. Richards and William Empson is also ugly: he was never able to concede that a critic's interests might honorably develop in a different direction than his own. He liked Richards at first, but he soon spotted the behaviorist in him, and he turned away when Richards started getting excited about the redemptive powers of Basic English. He admired Empson's early poems and celebrated them in *New Bearings in English Poetry*. He thought Empson's *Seven Types of Ambiguity* a remarkable achievement and often quoted Empson's remark, near the end of the book, that "the object of life, after all, is not to understand things, but to maintain one's defences and equilibrium and live as well as one can; it is not only maiden aunts who are placed like this." But he gradually came to feel that Empson's interests didn't coincide with his and would have to be treated with indifference.

Leavis's relation to T.S. Eliot is a far more complicated story, involving as it does the most telling tribute to Eliot's greatness as a poet and, in the next breath, an almost complete dismissal. In one of his last essays he accused Eliot of having "a profound attachment to being 'eminent,' " of setting a high value "on the reassuring formalities of 'recognition,' " and of treasuring his Order of Merit. The view of life "communicated

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Are both parties doing their share?

It's now more than three years since that handshake between the late Yitzhak Rabin and Yasser Arafat. This acknowledgment of the murderous PLO and its acceptance by Israel as a peace partner was an unprecedented act of generosity. All Israel asked in return was security and an end to terror. How have the parties performed their respective obligations?

What are the facts?

Israel's Commitment to Peace. Israel committed to grant wide-ranging independence to the Palestinians. Israel has meticulously adhered to its commitments under the Agreement. It has, unfortunately, opened vistas and expectations among the Palestinians that will never be fulfilled. Those are primarily that an independent Palestinian state would be allowed to come into existence, that Jerusalem would be divided, that the eastern part of the city would become the capital of such a state, and that the "refugees" — people who left Israel almost fifty years ago — should be allowed to return.

No peace can possibly come about until . . . the Palestinians . . . comply fully with the Agreement and . . . realize that violence cannot take the place of negotiation.

Thus, while Israel has meticulously kept its commitments under the Agreement, the Palestinians have lost no opportunity to foment unrest and bloody demonstrations in response to imaginary "violations" on the part of Israel. The first and most notorious was the rioting in response to Israel's opening an entrance to an archaeological tunnel in Jerusalem. Another pretext for violence was the construction of housing within the city limits of Jerusalem.

Total Disregard by the Palestinians. How have the Palestinians performed under the Agreement? The answer is: very poorly. Their disregard for virtually all of its provisions has been so egregious that it amounts to a mockery. Despite repeated assurances that they would amend their infamous Charter, which unequivocally calls for the destruction of Israel, this has still not been done. They have taken insufficient measures to combat terrorist activity — in fact the Palestinian Authority (P.A.) continues to release well known members of terrorist groups. Even though the Agreement demands an end of incitement to violence, Yasser Arafat and his lieutenants consistently whip up their followers to "jihad" (holy war). As the bloody riots in connection with the tunnel opening and with the construction of housing units have shown, such incitements always fall on receptive ears. It was also agreed that the P.A. should have no authority in Jerusalem. Even so, the Palestinians maintain (and the Israelis have so far suffered them to maintain) official presence in Jerusalem, especially the notorious Orient House, to which foreign visitors and diplomats like to make pilgrimages. One of the most egregious violations of the Agreement is the size of the Palestinian "police" force, which is now estimated at over 50,000 (virtually all of them former PLO terrorists). Incomprehensibly, Israel (always accommodating) has provided this "police" with an arsenal of attack weapons, which at the first trumped-up occasion (the opening of that tunnel entrance) were turned and used with deadly effect against Israeli civilians and military.

The list of violations of the Agreement goes on and on. There is the failure to confiscate illegal arms; the arrest and interrogation of Israelis by the Palestinian police; the abuse of VIP privileges; the movements of Palestinian "police" outside the so-called "Area A" without prior permission; the unauthorized construction of Dahaniye Airport; the unauthorized construction of Gaza Port; the failure to enforce visitors' permit requirements; and much more.

The Palestinians and the rest of the Arabs threaten at every hitch in the "peace process" to break it off or to resort to bloody violence. Regrettably, the United Nations, which takes scant interest in the mayhem, mass murder, and genocide that goes on all over the world, takes a totally disproportionate and one-sided (consistently pro-Arab) interest in this "peace process" and in the alleged "violations" of it by Israel, without considering the almost total disregard of virtually all of its provisions by the Palestinians. No peace can possibly come about until the world forces the Palestinians to comply fully with the Agreement and until they realize that violence cannot take the place of negotiation.

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by Eliot's creative work," according to Leavis in his phase, was "largely unsound, being incomplete and unbalanced, based on a starved human experience, and off the human centre." Leavis claimed, too, that he was "(with good reason) a major focus of the guilt-feelings expressed in *The Family Reunion*, the most revealingly personal of [Eliot's] works." A daft notion. Still, it speaks well for Leavis that, even when he was under the sway of Lawrence or, in later years, of Tolstoy, he did not drop Eliot; he continued to find *Four Quartets* in every considered respect disturbing. An inferior critic would have made up his mind once and for all.

Any account of Leavis's work, however brief, should begin with his insistence that the most acute issue is the relation between mass civilization and minority culture. Culture, in the restricted sense of cultivation, had to be a minority attribute. Leavis was concerned with popular culture, but mainly to take the measure of the appalling forces with which he had to deal. He would have been cast down, but not put down, if you called him an elitist. There was a job to be done. You couldn't hope to do everything by yourself. You must begin with an unhappy few, a nucleus, such as Leavis's pupils at Downing, then try to spread the necessary challenging word in a journal, *Scrutiny*, and train a generation of able men and women in the practice of criticism. These pupils will eventually get teaching jobs, some in far-flung places, and inspire their students along similar lines.

In this program, the centrality of literary criticism is crucial. As Leavis wrote in *Education and the University* (1943):

> It trains, in a way no other discipline can, intelligence and sensibility together, cultivating a sensitiveness and precision of response and a delicate integrity of intelligence—intelligence that integrates as well as analyses and must have pertinacity and staying power as well as delicacy.

Criticism is not a matter of knowledge. Leavis always insisted that, by reading literature, one reads more than literature. The "Sketch for an 'English School' " in *Education and the University* prescribes, with the England of the seventeenth century mainly in view, a course of reading in literature, history, religion, philosophy, politics and economics. Each of these calls for a different form of reading, because its modes of language are particular to its concerns, but the central discipline of reading remains that of literary criticism. Leavis suggests what a *Student's Handbook* might well indicate:

> (1) Practical Criticism: a number of papers, to be taken at the end of the course. These are to provide the test of literary education and critical competence. (2) The Seventeenth Century in England: four or five "pieces of work," on subjects chosen according to the principles explained, to be done during the course. (3) An essay, to be written during the course, on the process of change by which England of the seventeenth century turned into the England of today. (4) Dante, a general study: a paper, or papers, to be taken at the end of the course. (5) A subject from French literature or literary history: a substantial essay, to be written during the course. (6) Reviews, to be written during the course, of a number of books which are to be chosen in consultation with authority. (7) A *viva voce* examination to be held at the end of the course. *N.B.* Participation required in organized discussion-and-seminar-work.

It is not clear whether these assignments were to be the work of one year or longer. But Leavis kept returning to the fundamental point that criticism must not be identified with the accumulation of knowledge:

> There is no more futile study than that which ends with mere knowledge about literature. If literature is worth study, then the test of its having been so will be the ability to read literature intelligently, and apart from this ability an accumulation of knowledge is so much lumber.

Nor is it a question of theory and practice, least of all of devising a theory to govern the practice of reading. In 1937, when René Wellek urged Leavis to formulate a theory to justify the particular acts of critical discrimination that he had performed in *Revaluation*, Leavis declined. He was not a philosopher. He wished "to vindicate literary criticism as a distinct and separate discipline." No doubt, "a philosophic training might possibly ... make a critic surer and more penetrating in the perception of significance and relation and in the judgment of value." On the other hand:

> It is to be noted that the improvement we ask for is of the critic, the critic as critic, and to count on it would be to count on the attainment of an arduous ideal. It would be reasonable to fear blunting of edge, blurring of focus and muddled misdirection of attention: consequences of queering one discipline with the habits of another.

Indeed, Leavis thought it important to hold oneself free of any formula in advance of the occasion of reading. That explains why he refused, in 1932, to endorse the Marxist program by which "culture" is deemed to be "derivative from the 'methods of production.' " He was never a "cultural materialist." He did not believe that a particular mind was totally determined by the conditions that pressed upon its work. He believed, it seems to me, that history is the history of consciousness, of minds intent upon exercising their capacities: it tells of the struggle of minds to maintain that consciousness against every material and contingent obstacle. Recourse to a facilitating formula was lethal. Not surprisingly, Leavis kept his distance not only from Marxism but from Eliot's Anglo-Catholicism and Royalism. He regarded these as formulaic.

Leavis's aim, the aim for which he maintained the centrality of literary criticism, was the creation of an intelligent public—it was likely to be a small one—in the midst of a mass culture otherwise sunk in materialism and blankness, or the "technologico-Benthamite" culture. If literature matters, then "what in relation to it matters above all is that it should be what it ought to be in contemporary life; that is, that there should be ... a public intelligently responsive and decisively influential":

> It is through such a public, and through the conditions of general education implied in the existence of such a public, that literature can reasonably be thought of as influencing contemporary affairs and telling in realms in which literary critics are not commonly supposed to count for much.

At least once in his later years, Leavis decided that the game was up. "Without an influential cultivated and knowledgeable public—and the problem of what 'influential' means and might be is a fertile challenge to any thought—English literature might as well not exist, and in so far as influential existence can hardly continue without a continuing life of new creation, has already ceased to exist." In other words: there hasn't been a great poet since Eliot or a great novelist since Lawrence. But how would Leavis know? Even in the period of Eliot and Lawrence, his reading was scrappy. I doubt that he ever read a poem by Wallace Stevens. I recall a scathing comment on Hart Crane and a jibe that America, for its cultural invasion of Europe after 1945, needed a great novelist and decided to have one called Faulkner. There is pretty strong evidence that Leavis gave up reading current literature in 1950 or thereabouts, and that the poems of Robert Lowell, Elizabeth Bishop, John Berryman—I'm not sure about Philip Larkin—remained unread.

I have been going back over Leavis's books a good deal in the past two or three years. The polemical stuff has not worn well, his denunciations of Sir This

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and Lord That. You would need to be Alexander Pope to turn such ephemeral occasions into lasting art, as in *The Dunciad.* Only a limited purpose is served by Leavis's swipes at a society that he characterized by pointing to Bingo halls and packaged holidays in Majorca. Besides, he was more fully in possession of himself when he argued with literary people he respected, including Wellek, Marius Bewley and F.W. Bateson, than when he mocked Harold Wilson.

I admire especially the debate—because it is debate, not mudwrestling—with Bateson in 1953, where the issue was "the function of criticism at any time," and the texts between them were a few lines from Marvell's "A Dialogue between the Soul and Body" and a few from Pope's *The Dunciad.* Bateson maintained that to read these things properly you have to restore them to their "total context," the historical, social and linguistic conditions that determined them. Knowledge of the emblem books of the seventeenth century would be necessary in reading Marvell's poem, so that you could visualize Soul and Body as those books did. Leavis replied that the "total context" is merely a scholar's arbitrary construction, and that a reader of Marvell's poem is not likely to be helped by this otiose labor:

> Nothing is plainer than that the arbitrary odds and ends of fact, assumption, and more or less historical summary that [Bateson] produces as "context" serve him merely as license for not, in any serious sense, reading the poem—for, that is, substituting with confidence something of his own (and something that we can see to be grotesquely inferior to what the poet offers).

Leavis's permanent work is his practical criticism, or the close reading of poems, novels, and plays. He didn't invent this activity. In Cambridge, he was preceded by Richards, whose reports on the common malpractices of reading were published in *Practical Criticism* and *Principles of Literary Criticism.* It was Richards, too, whose methods—along with Eliot's—led to the American New Criticism, as John Crowe Ransom, Kenneth Burke, R.P. Blackmur and other critics acknowledged. But Leavis refined Richards's procedures and devised a form of reading that amounted to a way of living.

Practical criticism, in Leavis's version, entailed "the interpretation and judgment of poems (say) where it can be assumed that the text, duly pondered, will yield its meaning and value to an adequate intelligence and sensibility." "Duly pondered" meant mainly the reading of many other poems, where alone useful knowledge could be acquired. A teacher strains students by showing them how a poem, say, "can be established as something of common access in which minds can meet." If teacher and student differ about the poem, "our differences are intelligent and profitable, and can perhaps be substantially eliminated, and do not in any case invalidate our convinced working assumption that our perceptions and judgments meet in the poem—this process, comparative and collaborative as it essentially is, demands above all many close and sensitive readings of the texts."

I have in mind, as instances of this process, not only the detailed analyses in *Revaluation, The Great Tradition, The Common Pursuit, D.H. Lawrence: Novelist* and *The Living Principle*—the reading of *Four Quartets* in this last is particularly vivid—but also a commentary on a speech from *Macbeth* in *Education and the University* and one on a passage by Tourneur, or as some scholars think by Middleton, from *The Revenger's Tragedy.* Eliot made the latter passage nearly famous by quoting it in two of his early essays, noting the dramatist's gift "for combining, for fusing into a single phrase, two or more diverse impressions." Leavis takes Eliot's point, but his analysis goes further. Here is part of the speech from *The Revenger's Tragedy,* in which the speaker is contemplating the skull of his dead mistress:

> Does the silkworm expend her yellow
> labours
> For thee? For thee does she undo herself?
> Are lordships sold to maintain ladyships
> For the poor benefit of a bewildering
> minute?
> Why does yon fellow falsify highways
> And lays his life between the judge's lips
> To refine such a one? Keeps horse and men
> To beat their valours for her?

And here are a few lines from Leavis's commentary:

> The key word in the first line is "expend." In touch with "spin," it acts with its force of "spend" on the "yellow," turning it to gold, and so, while adding directly to the suggestion of wealth and luxury, bringing out by a contrasting co-presence in the one word the soft yellowness of the silk. To refer to silk, emblem of luxurious leisure, as "labours" is in itself a telescoping of conflicting associations. Here, then, in this slow, packed, self-pondering line (owing to the complex organization of meaning the reader finds he cannot skim easily over the words, or slip through them in a euphonious glide) we have the type of complexity that gives the whole passage that rich effect of life and body.... In the second line, "undo" has in it enough of the sense of unwinding a spool to give an unusual feel,

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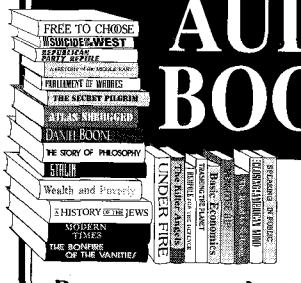

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and an unusual force, to the metaphorical use. This metaphorical use, to mean "ruin" (developing "expend") makes the silkworm more than a mere silkworm and leads on to the next line—"Are lordships sold to maintain ladyship"—where the specious symmetry of "lordships" and "ladyships" gives both words an ironic point. There is a contrast in sense between the substance of the one and the nullity of the other; and "lordships," as we feel the word, gets a weight by transference from the "yellow labours" and the laborious "expending" and "undoing" of the silkworm . . .

I wish I could quote the whole wonderful analysis. (It is given in full in the first volume of *A Selection from Scrutiny.*)

This kind of practical criticism has been impugned on ideological grounds. John Guillory has alleged that it is designed to produce in the seminar room a consensus that can then be insinuated as a type of social and political consensus at large. An emphasis on complexity of language can be used to enforce the notion that other instances of complexity, on the rough ground of society, can be reconciled by analogy with poetic structure and the achievement of form. I doubt that Leavis had any larger consensus in mind than that of agreeing about the workings of language in the passage that I have quoted. He is unlikely to have thought of his work as social sedation.

But he may have had some such feeling, unconsciously. Ian Hunter maintained, in *Culture and Government: The Emergence of Literary Education* (1988), that "in the teaching of English and the discipline of literary criticism, generations of cultural historians, critics and theorists have found the exemplary reconciliation of the promise of aesthetic fulfillment and the realities of social existence." More specifically:

> Whether it has been conceived of in terms of a gradual synthesis of his divided "ethical substance," or as a sudden theoretical recovery of his unconscious being, literary culture has been invested with the task of realising "man's" vocation: to achieve a complete development of human capacities.

Hunter argues that practical criticism "is not a knowledge at all, but a different kind of activity: a practice of ethical self-shaping." He quotes Schiller's statement, in *Lectures on the Aesthetic Education of Man* (1795), that it is not knowledge but "the development of man's capacity for feeling . . . [that] is the more urgent need of our age." Practical criticism then becomes, in Hunter's account, "a normative technique or practice for shaping a particular relation to the self as a moral subject." This is to be achieved "by focusing the individual's relation to another, the teacher":

> At the heart of practical criticism we do not find an irreducibly concrete (or stupidly empirical) perception of literature. Instead, we find a specially-instituted relation between one who teaches and one who is taught: between an individual who corrects and shapes and an individual whose ethical incompleteness—revealed in his "firsthand" responses—opens him to correction and moulding.

This is more thoughtful than Guillory's ideological claim. Leavis is clearly the most exemplary figure, the most deliberate case in point, for Hunter's argument. That he was in some sense a secular prophet, a priest of no church, a cleric of culture, is indisputable; his identification of his purposes with William Blake's is enough to make the point. Especially with Leavis in mind, one cannot quarrel with Hunter's designation of practical criticism as "an ethical practice and not a knowledge." It is ethical because it raises, as any serious reading of a work of literature must, specific questions of justice, the quality of the feelings engaged in the work of literature, the poem or novel or play as a symbolic action (to use Kenneth Burke's phrase).

Leavis's comparative analysis of Alexander Smith's "Barbara," Emily Brontë's "Cold in the Earth" and Hardy's "After a Journey" was impelled by his determination to distinguish the quality of feeling in the language of each poem. He would have regarded his literary criticism as frivolous if it were not so impelled. He never pretended that he wasn't the teacher or that his students weren't the students. Insistence on the collaborative nature of the relation between teacher and student was not a rhetorical ruse on Leavis's part, but he never fudged the issue of teaching and being taught. The passage from Eliot that Leavis quoted to justify the title and the emphasis of one of his books is worth quoting again:

> Here, one would suppose, was a place for quiet co-operative labour. The critic, one would suppose, if he is to justify his existence, should endeavour to discipline his personal prejudices and cranks—tares to which we are all subject—and compose his differences with as many of his fellows as possible in the common pursuit of true judgment.

That, too, is an ethical practice.

DENIS DONOGHUE is University Professor and Henry James Professor of English and American Letters at New York University.

CORRESPONDENCE *continued from page 5*

knowledge and experience in identifying ethical considerations. However, it is true that May did not say, in so many words, that most moral quandaries or issues were "beyond the grasp of doctors," a paraphrase of his views which, as he points out, was clearly identified as my language, not his. Here's the relevant passage from the interview exactly as I typed it: "If you're a cardiologist and a foot problem arises, you may call in a consultant in that particular specialty to help identify the problem . . . Similarly . . . what we do . . . we're made available as consultant[s] [to] help [to] identify and address issues . . . [that] may not be obvious to doctors . . . realizing that things that will seem obvious to a philosopher . . . [be]cause, you see, we deal with these concepts every day. . . ." It does not seem to me a great stretch to paraphrase May's characterization of some issues of morality and medicine as "obvious to a philosopher" like himself but which "may not be obvious to doctors" as issues that are "beyond the grasp of doctors"; but it obviously does seem a stretch to May, and I acknowledge that.

Final, final verdict

To the editors:

In "Final Verdict" (April 7), Ronald Radosh makes a number of inaccurate statements about retired KGB colonel Aleksander Feklisov. First, Feklisov never worked for Anatoli Yatskov while on assignment in the U.S. Yatskov worked on the Soviet atomic espionage operation with the code name "Enormoz."

Radosh goes on to say that "it is not entirely unreasonable to think that former KGB agents might say anything in exchange for dollars from American television networks." This comment leaves readers with the impression that Feklisov was paid for his interview in the Discovery Channel's documentary, *The Rosenberg File: Case Closed.* He was paid nothing.

Radosh is also incorrect in assuming that Feklisov "is not a reliable judge" of whether (Ethel Rosenberg's brother) David Greenglass's sketches on the atomic bomb were of importance. According to the Russian publication *Intelligence and Counterintelligence News*, N 14 (71), 1996, between 1947 and 1950, "Feklisov was the person in charge of the London Field station. In those years, he obtained secret documents regarding the development and improvement of atomic weapons. . . ."

JAN LEGNITTO
Producer,
The Rosenberg File: Case Closed
New York, New York

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Ronald Radosh replies:
Jan Legnitto protests too much. I only intended to offset those who were already claiming that Feklisov would say anything for money. I did not intend to imply that the Discovery Channel paid him anything. As for the importance of the information he obtained from David Greenglass, everyone acknowledges that it paled in importance when compared to data received from Fuchs and Theodore A. Hall. But the Soviets got Greenglass's data first; it gave them the direction for their research and confirmed the accuracy of Fuchs's more complete material.

For the record

To the editors:
My voting record was misstated in Peter Beinart's "Domestic Partners" (March 10) on Most Favored Nation status for the People's Republic of China. Contrary to the assertion that I voted against MFN in 1994, I voted to defeat legislation offered by Gerald Solomon to deny MFN to China that year. In 1996, I again voted in favor of granting MFN to China.

I have consistently expressed my concerns relative to human rights in China as well as the protection of intellectual property and issues concerning nuclear proliferation. In 1994, I voted for a proposal offered by Representative Nancy Pelosi to deny MFN treatment for "goods that are produced, manufactured or exported by the People's Liberation Army or Chinese defense industrial trading companies or to nonqualified goods that are produced, manufactured or exported by state-owned enterprises of the People's Republic of China."

ANNA G. ESHOO
Member of Congress
Washington, D.C.

Peter Beinart replies:
Representative Eshoo's claim that she did not switch her position on MFN between 1994 and 1996 is disingenuous. In 1994, it was the Pelosi bill, which garnered 158 votes, and against which the Clinton administration lobbied, that constituted the true test of House opinion on MFN. The notion that Pelosi's bill did not really revoke MFN because it only imposed sanctions on products from state-owned companies is silly. At the time of the vote, goods from state-owned industries represented more than half of China's exports to the United States. Pelosi's bill would have had the exact same effect on U.S.-Chinese relations as would the revoking of MFN for all Chinese products. Gerald Solomon's bill, which received only seventy-five votes, was peripheral to the main MFN debate and was brought to a vote largely to allow members like Eshoo to be able, when confronted afterwards, to have it both ways.

Checks and balances

To the editors:
Edward Roeder's "Blank Check" (April 14), which discussed the failure of political committees to properly report to the Federal Election Commission (FEC) the occupation and employer of large donors, was filled with inaccuracies. Contrary to Roeder's implications, the statute does not compel donors to provide occupation and employer to the recipient political committee. Actually, the law requires federal political committees to request this information and report it to the commission if it is given. The law only requires recipient committees to show that "best efforts have been used to obtain, maintain and submit the information...."

Most Senate and House campaign committees and PACs have fairly good records on capturing and reporting this itemized data, but the FEC recognizes that the presidential campaign committees and national party committees have not done as well. On October 27, 1993, the FEC promulgated new, tougher rules on what a political committee must do to demonstrate it had exercised "best efforts" to secure missing information. Among other requirements, we said committees must send the donor a subsequent request for the missing information.

Undercutting Roeder's contention that this is an example of the FEC being "a captive of the industry it oversees," as soon as we promulgated the rule, the agency was sued by the Republican National Committee, which claimed the FEC went beyond its legal mandate and violated the Constitution. Although the appellate court ruled against our requirement to use the FEC-prescribed language to request the contributor identifying data, it upheld the requirement that committees make a second request for this information.

The FEC must comply with existing law, but may not go beyond it. Any remedy for the remaining gaps in this reporting scheme rests with Congress.

JOHN WARREN MCGARRY
Chairman,
Federal Election Commission
Washington, D.C.

Edward Roeder replies:
John Warren McGarry objects to my article, but doesn't actually deny any of it. McGarry purports to contradict "implications" that disclosure is a duty of donors. The article contained no such suggestion. Rather, it clearly cited the FEC's own regulations saying committees are responsible for disclosure: "Federal law requires political committees to report the name, mailing address, occupation and name of employer...."

True, Congress bears responsibility for creating a meretricious election system that perverts democracy into plutocracy. But it is Congress's pet watchdog, the FEC, that has defined and diluted the law's requirement that committees make their "best efforts" to accomplish disclosure.

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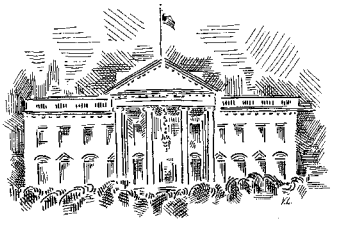
Tropic of cancer

I GUESS MOST PEOPLE AREN'T PARticularly fond of hospitals, but I have always harbored a special hatred for them. To me, hospitals will always be places that don't let little girls visit their dying mothers. I only saw my mother in the hospital once during the time she was sick with ovarian cancer. My 6-year-old sister and I were too young to go upstairs, and we had to wait for a day when she felt well enough to come downstairs to the big white lounge with the green plastic couches. I can still remember my mother on that day, gliding across the glassy floor in a pink robe and slippers. I was 5 years old. That was the last time I ever saw her.

IT WAS THIS IMAGE THAT PLAYED IN my mind last week when I went to the hospital to meet a genetic counselor—and participate in the first phase of a BRCA1 cancer study. A lot has happened to my understanding of ovarian cancer since my mother died of it at 32 and since doctors diagnosed her sister with the same disease ten years later. Back then, they insisted that the same disease striking two sisters was a perverse coincidence, nothing more. But by the time my aunt finally surrendered to the cancer that had consumed her body, piece by piece, for seven years, science had caught up with our family tragedy. What caused my mother and aunt to develop the cancers that took them was actually an altered gene, an alteration, the doctors now tell me, I may very well have inherited.

MY FIRST GENETIC COUNSELING session started out as a crash review in ninth-grade biology. Genes, DNA, chromosomes. Dominant and recessive. Mendel's peas. But now the science that once bored me is suddenly compelling. I sat in a hot, stuffy, windowless room and listened to the facts: I have a 50-50 chance of having the BRCA1 gene alteration; if I have it, one study says, I have as high as an 85 percent chance of developing ovarian cancer; ovarian cancer is difficult to detect and results in a high degree of morbidity. After we talked, I had my blood drawn. Three vials full. They are now sitting on a shelf in a lab, waiting for my consent for analysis. The study's psychiatrist called me last week to ask if I've been sleeping all right and if I had any more questions. Finally, he asked me if I was ready to give my consent. I told him I'd call him back. I still haven't.

INFORMATION, LIKE CHANGE, IS not always welcome. If I test positive, I will need to decide whether, at some point in the not-so-distant future, I want to have a prophylactic oophorectomy. Removing my ovaries before I get cancer could save me from ovarian cancer, but it would also make it difficult to have children. At 25, I'm not ready to have kids—at least not ones I can't disassemble at night. But I know that's going to change. As I waited for my appointment last week, I tried to relax by thumbing through some magazines in the waiting room. The magazines, suitable for an ob-gyn unit, were all filled with pictures of swollen bellies, ads for supportive underwear, facts about how babies see and what they taste in their mother's milk. I suddenly noticed itty-bitty, incredibly shrunken chairs and tables all around me. Five minutes before I was about to discuss my genes and my ovaries, I was struck with the most profound desire to have children that I have ever felt.



I FIND MYSELF BEING ASKED TO consider, on equal footing with the miracle of childbirth, the banality of health insurance. If I decide to have the test done and my results turn up positive, there's no assurance that an insurance company won't get hold of the results. If they do, they can drop my coverage. I run the risk of never getting coverage again. The literature from the study recommends getting insurance coverage before getting test results. It sounds nice, but, as a recent college graduate, I've yet to be permanently settled in a job for more than a year. Having this gene alteration could make me too big a risk for the insurance industry. I now feel personally what before I only sensed politically: that the insurance industry all too often appears to be working at cross purposes with health care.

I OFTEN WONDER WHAT MY MOTHer would have done if she were me. When she lay dying in the hospital, she told my grandmother that she was comfortable with dying, that she had accomplished the two things she most wanted in life: she had a family and got her Ph.D. in Spanish literature. At 25, my mother was just getting pregnant with my older sister. If she could have found out that she carried this gene, would she have removed her ovaries and not had me or my baby brother? And how would it have made her feel about having kids who might inherit this gene? The genetic counselors asked me, if I tested positive, whether I would have any reservations about having a child, knowing I might pass on this gene. I looked at them disbelievingly. It was like hearing them question my existence. I can't imagine my mother not having me or her mother not having her because they thought we might die young. This is one question I know how my mother would have answered.

I HAVE ALWAYS been in touch with my mortality. I'm not constantly aware of it, rather I can sense it, or remember it, in the way you remember a scent. It is the nonscent of a hospital corridor. I have lived my life respectful of the knowledge that life can be unexpectedly abbreviated. Perhaps this is why I'm not sure I want to know any more about my future. I'm not sure I agree with the trend that the BRCA1 study represents. I wonder if this kind of technology will reduce our lives to premeditated attempts to avoid our genetically programmed demise. Will we be reduced to following a genetic schedule, marking dates on our calendars to preemptively remove the organs that will come up cancerous next month? Will lofty thoughts of destiny and fate discussed over coffee and shared in intimate moments give way to discussions of chromosome numbers and DNA? What will happen to the family in which one sibling learns she got the bad gene, and her sister got the good one? What will happen to the way we procreate? I'd like a baby without the BRCA1 mutation, please. Oh, and could you give her some musical talent while you're at it? Will we choose spouses on the basis of what genes we want to avoid in a potential parent of our future children?

MY RESERVATIONS ABOUT GENETIC testing do not revolve around death. We will all die, whether or not we know what will get us; whether or not we know when it will happen. My reservations about genetic testing revolve around life. So, while I ponder whether to requisition the analysis of my blood, I wonder whether taking some of the mystery out of death will take some of the beauty out of life.

CATHERINE SACK

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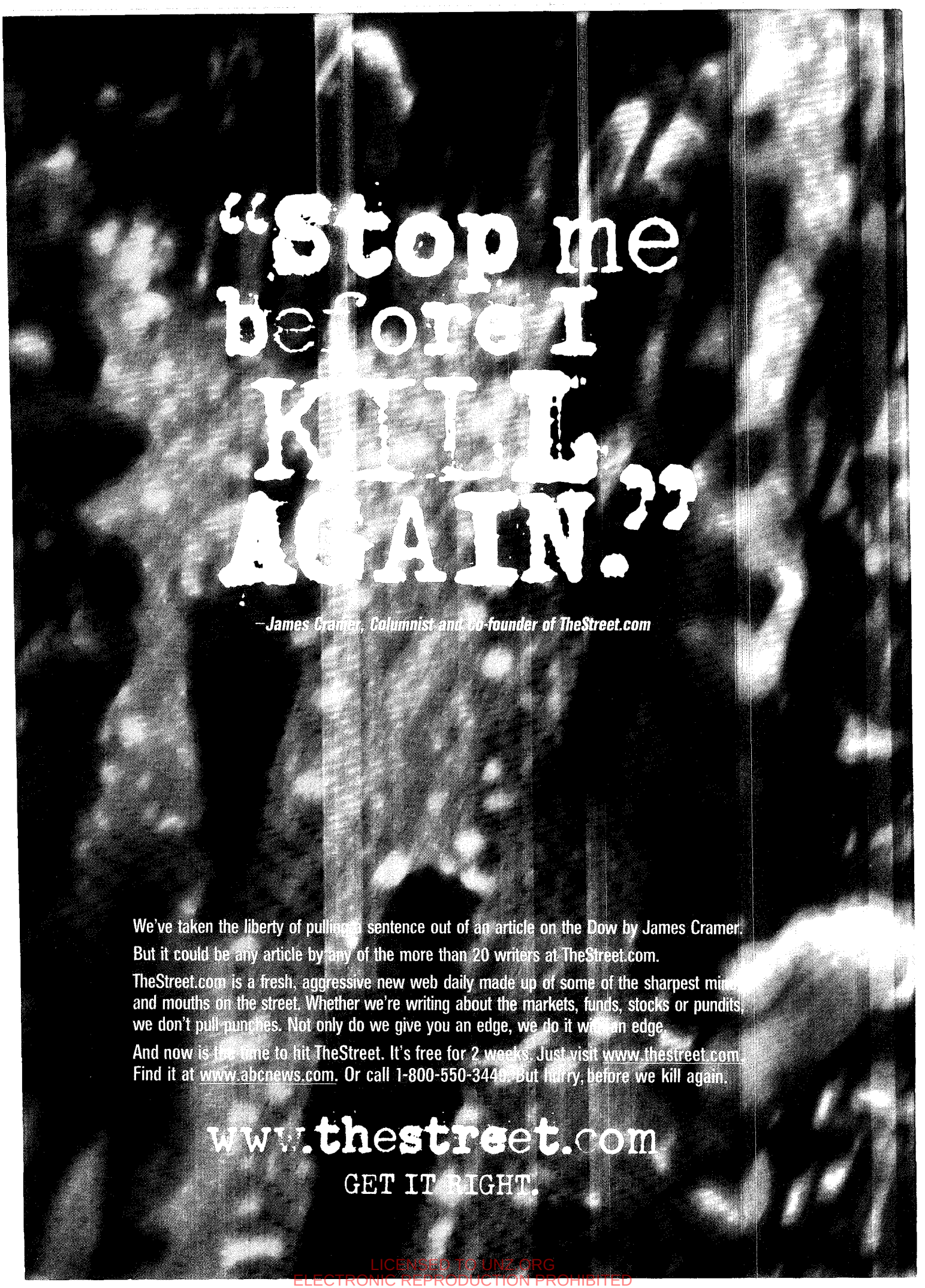
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